

A P P I U S  
AND  
VIRGINIA.

A  
TRAGEDY.

---

BY  
*JOHN WEBSTER.*

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold  
at the *Prince's Armes* in *St. Paul's*  
Church-yard, 1659.

APPENDIX

AND

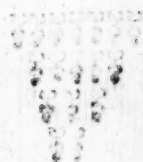
VIRGINIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN WEBSTER.



Printed for Hurd and Neave, and are to be sold  
in London, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.



# APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

## Actus Primus Sæna Prima.

*Enter Minucius, Oppius, and Licor.*

*Minuc.* **I**S Appius sent for, that we may acquaint him with the decree o' th' Senate?

*Licor.* He is, my Lord, and will attend your Lordships presently.

*Opp.* Licor, did you tell him that our business was from the Senate?

*Licor.* I did, my Lord, and here he is at hand.

*Enter Appius, his two Coxens, and M. Claudius.*

*Appius.* My Lords, your pleasure?

*Minuc.* Appius, the Senate greet you well, and by us do signify unto you that they have chosen you one of the Decemviri.

*App.* My Lords, far be it from the thought of so poor a Plebeian, as your unworthy servant Appius, to soar so high: the dignity of so eminent a place would require a person of the best parts and blood in Rome. My Lords, he that must steer at the helm of an Empire, ought to be the Mirror of the times for Wisdom and for Policy, and therefore I would beseech the Senate to elect one worthy of the place, and not to think of one so unfit as Appius.

2 *Antony*  
*Antony.* My Lord, my Lord, you dally with your wife.

I have seen children oft eat sweet meats thus,  
as fearfull to devoure them:  
you are wife, and play the modest purder right  
to make so many bits of your delight.

*Oppim.* But you must know, what we have once concluded  
cannot for any private mans affection  
be slighted: take your choice then with best judgement  
of these two proffers, either to accept  
the place propos'd you, or be banished Rome  
immediately: *Lilius* make way: we expect  
your speedy resolution. *Except Oppim, Minutius.*

1. *Cozen.* Noble cozen,  
you wrong your selfe extremely to refuse  
so Eminent a place.

2. *Cozen.* It is a meanes  
to raise your kindred. Who shall dare t'oppose  
himselfe against our Family, when yonder  
shall sit your power, and frowne?

*Appim.* Or banish't Rome!

I pray forbear a little. *Marcus.*

*Marcus.* Cl. Sir.

*Appim.* How dost thoulike my cunning?

*Marcus.* Cl. I protest

I was be-egued, fearing lest the Senate  
should have accepted at your fain'd refusall.  
See how your kindred and your friends are musterd  
to warme them at your sun-shine: Were you now  
in prison, or arraign'd before the Senate  
for some suspect of treason, all these swallows  
would flie your stormy winter, not one sing:  
their Musick is the Summer and the Spring.

*Appim.* Thou observest shrewdly: well, 'tis fit them so.

I must be one of the *Ducentviri*,  
or banish't Rome. Banish't laugh, my trusty *Marcus*,  
I am inforc't to my ambition.  
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worn  
shooes made of lead some ten dayes for a race  
to give them nimble and more active feet:  
so great men should, that aspire eminent place,  
load themselves with excuse and faint denyall,  
that they with more speed may performe the trial:  
Marke his humiliry saies one; how far  
his dreames are from ambition, saies another;

he would not shew his Eloquence, lest they should draw him into office : and a third is meditating on some thrifty suite to beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands as had *Briarius*, I'de extend them all to catch this office; 'twas my sleeps distemper, my dyets ill digestion, my melancholy past physicks cure.

*Marcus*. The Senators returne.

*Minn*. My Lord, your answer.

*Appius*. To obey my Lord, and to know how to rule doe differ much : to obey by nature comes, but to command by long experience. Never were great men in so eminent place without their shadowes. Envy will attend on greatnesse till this generall frame takes end. 'Twixt these extreames of state and banishment, my minde hath held long conflict, and at last I thus returne my answer, noble friends, we now must part, necessity of State compells it so.

I must inhabit, now a place unknowne, you see't compels me leave you. Fare you well.

1. *Coxen*. To banishment; my Lord.

*Appius*. I am given up to a long travell full of fear and danger, to waste the day in sweat, and the cold nights in a most desolate contemplation, banisht from all my kindred and my friends, yea banisht from my selfe; for I accept this honourable calling.

*Minn*. Worthy *Appius*, the gods conduct you hither : *Littors*, His robes.

2. *Coxen*. We are made for ever, noble kinsman, 'twas but to fright us.

*Appius*. But my loving kinsmen, mistake me not, for what I spake was true, bear witness all the gods : I told you first, I was to inhabit in a place unknowne; 'tis very certaine, for this reverend seat receives me as a pupill, rather gives ornament to the person, then our person the least of grace to it. I shewed you next I am to travell; 'tis a certaine truth;

Look by how much the labour of the mind exceeds the bodies, so far am I bound with paine and industry, beyond the toyle of those that sweat in warre, beyond the toyle of any Artisan, pale cheeks, and sunk eyes, a head with watching dizied, and a haire turn'd white in youth, all these for a dear rate we purchase speedily that tend a State.

I told you I must leave you, 'tis most true. Henceforth the face of a Barbarian and yours shall be all one, henceforth He know you but only by your vertue: brother or father in dishonest suite shall be to me as is the branded slave. Justice should have no kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love, as free from passion as the gods above. I was your friend and kinsman, now your Judge, and whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather shall as soone turne them as a masse of Pearle or Diamonds.

*Marcus.* Excellent, excellent Lapping, there's other stufte closed in that subtle brest. He sings and bears his wings far from his nest.

*Appius.* So Gentlemen, I take it, here takes end your businesse; my acquaintance, fare you well.

*i. Cozen.* Heres a quick change, who did expect this cloud? Thus men when they grow great doe strait grow proud.

*Appius.* Now to our present businesse at the campe: the army that doth winter fore *Agidon*, is much distrest we heare: *Minutius*, you with the levies and the little corne this present dearth will yield, are speedily to hasten thither, so to appease the minde of the intemperate souldier.

*Minu.* I am ready the levies doe attend me, our Lieutenant send on our Troopes.

*Appius.* Farewell *Minutius*. the gods goe with you, and be still at hand to adde a triumph to your bold command.

*Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Virginia.*

*Numitor.* Noble *Icilius* welcome, teach your selfe a bolder freedome here, for by our love

your

your suite to my faire Neece doth parallell  
her kindreds wishes. There is not in all Rome  
a man that is by honour more approv'd  
nor worthier, were you poore, to be below'd.

*Scilius.* You give me (noble Lord) that character  
which I cood never yet read in my selfe:

but from your censure shall I take much care  
to adorne it with the fairest ornaments  
of unambitious vertue: here I hold  
my honorable patterne, one whose minde  
appeares more like a ceremonious chappell  
full of sweet musick, then a thronging presence.  
I am confirm'd, the court doth make some shew  
fairer then else they would doe, but her port  
being simple vertue, beautifies the court,

*Virginia.* It is a flattery (my Lord)  
you breath upon me, and it shewes much like  
the borrowed painting which some Ladies use,  
it is not to continue many dayes;  
my wedding garments will outweare this praise.

*Numitor.* Thus Ladies still foretell the funerall  
of their Lords kindnesse.

But my Lord, what newes?

*Scilius.* *Virginus,* my Lord, your noble brother *Enter a Servant,*  
disguis'd in dust and sweat, is new arriv'd *whispers Scilius*  
within the City: troopes of artificers *in the eare.*  
follow his panting horse, and with a strang:  
confused noyse, partly with joy to see him,  
partly with fear for what his haist portends,  
they shew as if a sudden mutiny  
orespread the City.

*Numitor.* Cozen take your chamber.  
What businesse from the camp?

*Scilius.* Sure Sir it beares  
the forme of some great danger, for his horse  
bloody with spurring, shewes as if he came  
from forth a battell: never did you see  
mongst quails or cocks in fight a bloodier Heele;  
then that your brother strikes with. In this forme  
of orespent horseman, having as it seemes,  
with the distracting of his newes, folgor  
house, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone  
to th' Senate house.

*Numitor.* Now the gods bring us safety.



the face of this is cloudy, let us haste  
to th Senate house, and there enquire how near  
the body moves of this our threatened fear.

*Enter Appius melancholly after Clodius.*

*Cl.* My Lord.

*Appius.* Thou troublest me.

*Clodius.* My hand's as ready arm'd to work your peace  
as my tongue bold to inquire your discontents.  
Good my Lord hear me.

*Appius.* I am at much variance  
within my selfe, there's discord in my blood,  
my powers are all in combat, I have nothing  
left but sedition in me.

*Clodius.* Trust my bosom  
to be the closet of your private griefs,  
Beleeve me, I am uncrani'd.

*Appius.* May I trust thee?

*M. Clodius.* As the firme centre to indure the burden  
of your light foot, as you would trust the poles  
to bear on them this airy canopy,  
and not to fear their shrinking. I am strong,  
fixt and unshaking.

*Appius.* Art thou? Then thine ever: I love.

*M. Clodius.* Ha ha he.

*Appius.* Can this my ponderous secrecie  
be in thine ear so light? seems my disturbance  
worthy such scorn that thou deridest my griefs?  
Beleeve me, *Clodius*, I am not a twig  
that every gust can shake, but 'tis a tempest  
that must be able to use violence  
on my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'st thou then?

*M. Clodius.* Not that y<sup>e</sup> are mov'd, it makes me smile in scorn  
that wise men cannot understand themselves,  
nor know their own prov'd greatnesse. *Clodius* laughes not  
to think you love, but that you are so hopelesse  
not to presume to enjoy whom you affect.

What's she in Rome your greatnesse cannot awe  
or your rich purse purchase? Promises and threats  
are statemens Lictors to arrest such pleasures,  
as they would bring within their strict commands,  
why should my Lord droop, or deject his eye?  
can you command Rome, and not countermand  
a womans weaknesse? Let your Grace bestow

your

your purse and power on me: I will prostitute you.

*Appius.* Ask both and lawfull them to purchase me the rich free-simple of *Virginia's* heart.

*M. Clodius.* *Virginia's* heart.

*Appius.* Hers.

*M. Clodius.* I have already found an easie path which you may safely tread; yet no man trace you.

*Appius.* Thou art my comforter.

*M. Clodius.* Her father's buffed in our foreign wars, and there hath chief employment; all their pay must your discretion scandle; keep it back, reffraine it in the common Treasury.

Thus may a states-man gainst a souldier stand, to keep his purse weak, whilst you arme his hand. Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards will tempt the maide the sooner; nay haply draw the father in to plead in your behalfe.

But should these faile, then siege her Virgin Tower with too prevailing engines, feare and power.

*Appius.* Go then and prove a speeding advocate; Arme thee with all our bounty, oratory, variety of promise.

*Enter Valerius.*

*Valerius.* *L. Appius*, the *Decemvirate* intreat your voice in this dayes Senate. *Old Virginia* craves audience from the camp with earnest suite for quick dispatch.

*Appius.* We will attend the Senate. *Clodius.* Be gone.

*Enter Spurius, Opim, Valerius, Numiter, &c.*

*Opim.* We sent to you to assist us in this counsell touching the expeditions of our war.

*Appius.* Ours is a willing presence to the trouble of all State cares. Admit him from the camp.

*Enter Virginia.*

*Opim.* Speak the camps will.

*Virginia.* The camp wants money, we have store of knocks and wounds Gods pld, but we have no pay; this three moneths did we never house our heads, but in yon great star-chamber; never bedded but in the cold field-beds, our vitrile saties us yet meet with no supply; we're fairly promis'd, but souldiers cannot feed on promises; all our provagr, apparell's torne to rags,



and our Munition fails us: Will you send us  
to fight for *Rome* like beggars? Noble Gentlemen,  
are you the high State of *Decemviri*,  
that have those things in mannage? Pity us,  
for we have need on't. Let not your delays  
be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been heated  
to gaine you fame and riches. Prove not to us  
(being our friends) worse foes then we fight with:  
Let's not be starv'd in kindnesse. Sleep you now  
upon the bench, when your deaf ears should listen  
unto the wretchlesse clamours of the poore?  
Then would I had my Drums here; they might rattle,  
and rowse you to attendance. Most grave Fathers,  
shew your selves worthy stewards to our Mother  
saint *Rome*, to whom we are no bastard sons,  
though we be souldiers. She bath in her store  
food to maintain life in the Camp, as well  
as surfet for the City. Do not save  
the foe a labour; send us some supply,  
lest ere they kill us, we by famine die.

*App.* Shall I (my Lords) give answer to this souldier?

*Opus.* Be you the Cities voice.

*App.* *Virginus*, we would have you thus possess'd,  
we sit not here to be prescrib'd and taught,  
nor to have any suter give us limit,  
whose power admits no curb. Next know, *Virginus*,  
the Camp's our servant; and must be dispos'd,  
controul'd and us'd by us, that have the strength  
to knit it or dissolve it. When we please  
out of our Princely grace and clemency  
to look upon your wants; it may be then  
we shall redress them: But till then, it fits not  
that any petty fellow wag'd by us  
should have a tongue sound here before a Bench  
of such grave Auditours. Further, —

*Virg.* Pray give me leave,

Not here? pray *Appus*, is not this the Judgment seat?  
Where should a poor mans cause be heard but here?  
To you the Statists of long flourishing *Rome*,  
to you I call, If you have charity,  
if you be humane, and not quite giv'n ore  
to Furs and Metall, if you be Romans;  
if you have any souldiers bloud at all  
flow in your veins, help with your able arms

to prop a sinking camp, an infinite  
of fair Rome's lions, cold, weak, hungry, and clothless,  
would feed upon your surfeit. Will you save them,  
or shall they perish?

*App.* What we will, we will,  
be that your answer: perhaps at further leisure  
We'll help you; not your merit but our pleasure.

*Virg.* I will not curse thee, *Appius*, but I wish  
thou wert i'th' camp amongst the Mutineers  
to tell my answers, not to trouble me.  
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?  
Oh what are souldiers come too! Shall your camp,  
the strength of all your peace, and the iron wall  
that rings this Pomp in from invasive steel;  
shall that decay? Then let the forrain fires  
climb o're these buildings; let the sword and slaughter  
chase the gown'd Senate through the streets of Rome,  
to double dye their robes in Scarlet; let  
the enemies strip arm have his crimson'd brawns  
up to the elbows in your traitorous blood;  
Let *Janus* Temple be devolv'd, your Treasures  
ript up to pay the common adversaries  
with our due wages. Do you look for less?  
the rottenness of this misgovern'd State  
must grow to some Disease, incurable  
save with a sack or slaughter.

*App.* Y are too bold.

*Virg.* Know you our extremitie?

*App.* We do.

*Virg.* And will not help them?

*App.* Yes.

*Virg.* When?

*App.* Hereafter.

*Virg.* Hereafter? when so many gallant spirits  
that yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,  
are sunk in death? Hereafter? when disorder  
hath swallowed all our Forces?

*App.* We'll hear no more.

*Opins.* Peace, fellow peace, know the *Decemviri*,  
and their Authority; we shall commit you esse.

*Virg.* Do so, and I shall thank you; be relieved  
and have a strong house o're me, fear no Alarms  
given in the night by any quick perdue.  
Your Guilty in the City feeds more dainty

## A Tragedy.

then doth your General. 'Tis a better Office  
to be an under Keeper then a Captain.  
The gods of Rome amend it.

*App.* Break up the Senate.

*Virg.* And shall I have no answer?

*App.* So farewell.

*Virg.* What Slave would be a soldier to be censured  
by such as ne'er saw danger? To have our pay,  
our worths and merits ballanc'd in the scale  
of base moth-eaten peace. I have had wounds  
would have made all this Bench faint and look pale,  
but to behold them searcht. They lay their heads  
on their soft pillows, pore upon their bags,  
grow fat with laziness and resty ease.  
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster  
they will not spare a *Drachma*. O my souldiers,  
before you want, I'll sell my smal possessions  
even to my skin to help you, Plate and Jewels  
all shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,  
the earth shal find, the Sun and air must feed.

*Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Virginus.*

*Numit.* Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late  
of your arrival from the Camp, most humbly  
prostrates her filial Duty.

*Virg.* Daughter rise.

And brother I am only rich in her,  
and in your love, link'd with the honour'd friendship  
of those fair Romane Lords. For you *Icilius*,  
I hear I must adopt you with the title  
of a new son; you are *Virginia's* chief,  
and I am proud she hath built her fair election  
Upon such store of vertues. May you grow,  
although a Cities child, to know a souldier  
and rate him to his merit.

*Icil.* Noble father,  
(for henceforth I shal onely use that name)  
Our meeting was to urge you to the proceffe  
of our fair contract.

*Virgin.* Witnesse Gentlemen,  
here I give up a fathers interest,  
but not a fathers love, that I will ever  
wear next my heart, for it was born with her;  
and growes still with my age.

*Numit.*

# A Tragedy.

11

*Numitor. Icilius,*  
receive her : witnesse noble Gentlemen.

*Valer.* With all my heart. I would *Icilius* could do as much  
for me; but Rome affords not such another *Virginia*.

*Virgin.* I am my fathers daughter, and by him  
I must be swaid in all things.

*Num.* Brother, this happy Contract asks a Feast,  
as a thing due to such solemnities.

It shall be at my house, where we this night  
will sport away some hours.

*Virg.* I must to horse.

*Numitor.* What, ride to night?

*Virg.* Must see the Camp to night.

'Tis full of trouble and distracted fears,  
and may grow mutinous. I am bent to ride.

*Val.* To night?

*Virg.* I am engag'd : short farwels now must serve,  
the universal businesse calls me hence,  
that toucheth a whole people. *Rome*, I fear,  
thou wilt pay use for what thou dost forbear.

Explicit Actus I.

## Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

*Enter Clown whispering Virginia, after her M. Clodius with presents.*

*Virginia* **S**irrah, go tell *Calphurnia*, I am walking  
to take the air : intreat her company.  
Say I attend her coming.

*Corbulo* Madam, I shall : but if you could walk abroad, and get an  
Heir, it were better, for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a  
son to inherit.

*Virginia* You are, sirrah —

*Corbulo* Yes I am sirrah : but not the party that is born to do that;  
though I have no Lorships, yet I have so much manners to give my  
betters place.

*Virginia* Whom mean you by your betters?

*Corbulo* I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of compa-  
rison : for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *malior* ; yet  
my Lord *Icilius* is *optimus*.

*Virginia* I see there's nothing in such private done,  
but you must inquire after.

*Corbulo* And can you blame us (Madam) to long for the merry  
day, as you do for the merry night?

C 2

*Virginia.*

## A Tragedy.

*Virginia.* Will you be gone fir?

*Corbula.* Oh yes, to my Lady *Calphurnia*. *I remember my ex-*

*Vir.* My father's wondrous penive, and withall *Exit Corbula.*

with a suppress'd rage left his house displeas'd,  
and so in post is hurried to the camp:  
it sads me much, to expell which melancholy,  
I have sent for company.

*Enter Clodius and Musicians.*

*Clodius.* This opportunity was subtilly waited,  
it is the best part of a politician  
when he would compass ought to fame his industry:  
wisely to waite the advantage of the houres;  
his happie minutes are not alwayes present.

Expresse your greatest art, *Virginia* hears you. *Song.*

*Vir.* Oh I conceive the occasion of this harmony.  
*Isidius* sent it, I must thank his kindnesse.

*Clo.* Let not *Virginia* waste her contemplation  
so high, to call this visit an intrusion;  
for when she understands I rooke my message  
from one that did compose it with affection,  
I know she will not only extend pardon,  
but grace it with her favour.

*Vir.* You mediate excuse for courtesies,  
as if I were so barren of civility,  
not to esteeme it worthy of my thank;  
assure your selfe I could be longer patient  
to hear my cares so feasted.

*Clo.* Joyne all your voyces till you make the aie  
proud to usurpe your notes, and to please her  
with a sweet eccho; serve *Virginia's* pleasure.  
As you have been so full of gentlenesse  
to heare with patience what was brought to serve you,  
so hearken with your usuall clemency  
to the relation of a lovers sufferings:  
your figure still does revell in his dreames,  
he banquets on your memory, yet findes  
not thoughts enough to satisfie his wishes,  
as if *Virginia* had compos'd his heart,  
and fills it with her beauty.

*Vir.* I see he is a miser in his wishes,  
and thinks he never has enough of that  
which onely he posselles: but to give  
his wishes satisfaction, let him know  
his heart and mine doe dwell so near together,

that



that hourly they converse, and guard each other.

*Clo.* Is faire *Virginia* confident she knowes  
her favour dwels with the same man I plead for?

*Vir.* — Unto *Isilins*.

*Clo.* Worthy faire one,

I would not wrong your worth to to employ  
my language for a man so much beneath  
the merit of your beauty: he I plead for  
has power to make your beauty populous,  
your frowne shall awe the world, and in your smile  
great Rome shall build her happinesse;  
honour and wealth shall not be stil'd companions,  
but servants to your pleasure.

Then shall *Isilins* (but a refin'd Citizen)  
boast your affection, when Lord *Appina* loves you.

*Vir.* Bless'd his great Goodship, I was much mistaken;  
let thy Lord know, thou Advocate of lust,  
all the intentions of that youth are honourable,  
whil' st his are fill'd with sensuality.

And for a small resolution know,  
our hearts in love like twins alike shall grow.

*Clo.* Had I a wife, or daughter that could please him  
I would devote her to him, but I must  
shadow this scorne, and sooth him still in lust.

*Enter six Souldiers.*

1. What newes yet of *Virginus* returne?

2. Not any.

1. O the misery of Souldiers!

They doubly starve us with faire promises.

We spread the earth like haile, or new reapt corne  
in this fierce famine; and yet patiently  
make our obedience the confined jail  
that starves us:

3. Souldiers, let us draw our swords  
while we have strength to use them.

1. 'Tis a motion

which nature and necessity commands.

*Enter Minutins.*

*Minut.* Y're of *Virginus* Regiment. *Omnes.* We are:

*Minut.* Why doe you swarme in troopes thus? to your quarter.  
Is our command growne idle? to your trench.

Come I'll divide you, this your conference  
is not without suspect of mutiny.

1. Souldiers, shall I relate the grievances.

of the whole Regiment.

*Omnes.* Boldly.

1. Then thus my Lord.

*Minnr.* Come, I will not hear thee,

1. Sir you shall:

Sound all the Drums and Trumpets in the camp,

to drowne my utterance, yet above them all

I'll rear our just complaint. Stir not my Lord,

I vow you are not safe if you but move

a sinew till you heare us.

*Minnr.* Well sir, command us: you are the Generall.

1. No my Lord, not I.

I am almost starved; I wake in the wet trench,

loaded with more cold iron then a Jaile

would give a murderer, while the Generall

sleepe in a field bed, and to mock our hunger

feeds us with scent of the most curious fare

that makes his tables crack, our pay detained

by those that are our Leaders: and at once

we in this sad, and unprepared plight,

with the Enemy, and Famine daily fight.

*Minnr.* Doe you threaten us?

*Omnes.* Sir you shall hear him out.

1. You send us whips, and iron manacles

and shackles plenty, but the devill a coine.

Would you would teach us that canniball trick, my Lord,

which some rich men 'ich' City oft doe use:

shall's one devoure another?

*Minnr.* Will you hear me?

1. O Rome th'art growne a most unnaturall mother,

to those have held thee by the golden locks

from sinking into ruine; *Romulus*

was fed by a she wolfe, but now our wolves

instead of feeding us devoure our flesh,

carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,

for three parts of 't is water.

*Minnr.* Your Captaine,

noble *Virginus* is sent Rome,

for ease of all your grievances.

*Omnes.* 1. 'Tis false.

1. Hee's stolne away from's, never to returne,

and now his age will suffer him no more

deale on the Enemy, belike hee'l turne

an usurer, and in the City aire



cut poore mens throats at home sitting in's chair.

*Minut.* You wrong one of the honorablest Commanders.

*Omnes.* Honorable Commander?

*I.* Commander? I my Lord, there goes the thrife in victories, the Generall and Commanders share all the honour as they share the spoile; but in our overthrowes, where lies the blame? the common souldiers fault, ours is the shame. What is the reason that being so far distant from the affrighted enemy? wee lie 'ith' open field, subject to the sick humors of heaven and earth: unlesse you could bestow two summers of us? shall I tell you truth, You account the expence of Ingines, and of swords, of horses and of armor dearer far, then souldiers lives.

*Omnes.* Now by the gods you doe.

*I.* Observe you not the ravens and the crows have left the City surfet, and with us they make full banquets. Come you birds of death; and fill your greedy cropes with humane flesh; then to the City flie, disgorge it there before the Senate, and from thence arise a plague to choake all Rome. *Omnes.* And all the Suburbs.

*Minut.* Upon a souldiers word, bold Gentlemen, I expect every houre *Virginus* to bring fresh comfort.

*Omnes.* Whom? *Virginus*?

*I.* Now by the gods, if ever he returne, wee'le drag him to the slaughter by his locks, turned white with riot and incontinence, and leave a president to all the world; how Capitaines use their souldiers.

*Enter Virginus.*

*Minut.* See, hee's returned.

*Virginus.* you are not safe, retire, your troopes are mutinous, we are begirt with Enemies more daring, and more fierce, then is the common foe.

*Virg.* My Troopes, my Lord?

*Minut.* Your life is threatned by these desperate men, beake you to your horse.

*Virg.* My noble Lord, I never yet profest to reach the art of flying. H3, our troopes grown mutinous?

he dares not look on me with half a face  
that spread this wildfire. Where is our Lieutenant?

*Val.* My Lord. *Virg.* Sirrah, order our companies.

*Minur.* What do you mean, my Lord?

*Virg.* Take air a little, they have heated me.  
Sirrah, 'st you will mutiny?

3. Not I Sir.

*Virg.* Is your gall burst, you Traitor?

4. The gods defend Sir.

*Virg.* Or is your stomach sea-sick, doth it rise?

I'll make a passage for it.

5. Noble Captain, I'll dye beneath your foot.

*Virg.* You rough porcupine, ha,  
do you bristle, do you sport your quills you rogue?

1. They have no points to hurt you, noble Captain.

*Virg.* Wast you (my nimble shaver) that would whet  
your sword 'gainst your Commanders throat, you Sirrah?

6. My Lord I never dreamt on't.

*Virg.* Slaves and cowards,  
what are you cholerick now? by the gods  
the way to purge it were to let you blood.  
I am 'th' center of you, and I'll make  
the proudest of you teach the Aspen leaf  
to tremble when I breathe.

*Minur.* A strange Conversion.

*Virg.* Advance your pikes. The word.

*Omnes.* Advance your pikes.

*Virg.* See noble Lord, these are no Mutineers,  
these are obedient souldiers, civil men:  
You shal command these, if your Lordship please,  
to fill a ditch up with their slaughtered bodies,  
that with more ease you may assault some Town.  
So now lay down your Arms. Villains and Traitors,  
I here cashier you. Hence from me my poison,  
not worthy of our Discipline: Go beg,  
go beg, you mutinous rogues, brag of the service  
you ne'er durst look on; it were charity  
to hang you, for my mind gives, y'are reserv'd  
to rob poor market women.

*Minur.* O Virgin.

*Virg.* I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,  
as you respect me. I will stand my self  
for the whole Regiment, and safer far  
in mine owne single valour, then begin

with cowards and with traitors. *Minnt.* O my Lord, you are too severe.

*Virg.* Now by the gods, my Lord, you know no discipline, to pitie them. Pretious divells? no sooner my back turn'd, but presently to mutinie? *Omnes:* dear Captaine,

*Virg.* Refuse me if such traiterous rogues would not confound an Army. When doe you march? when doe you march, gentlemen?

1. My Lord, wee'l starve first, wee'le hang first, by the gods, doe any thing ere wee'le forsake you.

*Minnt.* Good *Virginium*, limit your passion.

*Virg.* Sir, you may take my place, not my just anger from me: these are they have bred a dearth i'th' campe: I'le wish our foes no greater plague then to have their company: shew but among them all so many scars as stick upon this flesh, I'le pardon them.

*Minnt.* How now, my Lord, breathlesse?

*Virg.* By your favour. I ha said.

Mischiefs confound me if I could not with my youth renewed againe, with all her follies, onely to'ave breath enough to raile against these ——— 'Tis too short.

*Minnt.* See Gentlemen, what strange distraction your falling off from duty hath begot in this most noble souldier: You may live the meanest of you to command a Troope, and then in others youle correct those faults, which in your selves you cherish, every Captain beares in his private government that forme, which Kings should ore their Subjects, and to them should be the like obedient. We confesse you have been distrest: but can you justly challenge any commander that hath suffered, while that your food was limited? You cannot.

*Virg.* My Lord, I have shated with them an equall for-hunger, and cold, marcht thorough watery fens, borne as great burdens as the pioneer, when scarce the ground would bear me.

*Minnt.* Good my Lord, give us leave to proceed; the punishment your Captaine hath inflicted

is not sufficient; for it cannot bring any example to succeeding times of penance worth your faulting; happily it may in you beget a certaine shame; But it will in others a strong hope of the like lenity. Yet gentlemen, you have in one thing given me such a taste of your obedience, when the fire was raised of fierce sedition, and the cheek was swolne to sound the fatall Trumper, then the sight of this your worthy Captaine did disperse all those unfruitfull humours, and even then convert you from fierce Tigers to stayed men: we therefore pardon you, and doe restore your Captaine to you, you unto your Captaine.

*Omnis.* The gods requite you, noble Generall.

*Minut.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Omnis.* Your pardon noble Captaine.

*Virg.* Well, you are the Generall, and the fault is quit; a souldiers teares, an elder brothers wit have little salt in them, nor doe they season things worth oberving, for their want of reason. Take up your armes and use them, doe I pray, ere long youle take your legs to run away.

*Minut.* And what supply from Rome?

*Virg.* Good store of corne.

*Minut.* What entertainment there?

*Virg.* Most honourable,

especially by the Lord *Appius*. There is great hope that *Appius* will grow the souldiers patron: with what vehemency he urg'd our wants, and with what expedition he hastned the supplies, it is almost incredible. There's promise to the souldier besides their corne a bounteous donative; but 'tis not certaine yet when't shall be paid.

*Minut.* How for your owne particular?

*Virg.* My Lord,

I was not enter'd fully two pikes length into the Senate, but they all stood bare, and each man offer'd me his seat: The business for which I went dispatcht, what gifts, what favours were done me, your good Lordship shall not hear, for you would wonder at them, only this,

'twould

'twould make a man fight up to th' neck in blood,  
to think how nobly he shall be received  
when he returnes to th' City.

*Minus.* 'Tis well,  
give order the provision be divided  
and sent to every quarter.

*Virg.* Sir, it shall.  
Thus men must fight their wrongs, or else conceal them,  
when generall safety wills us not reveale them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Petitioners at one doore, at the other*

*M. Clodius.*

1. *Petis.* Pray is your Lord at leisure?

*M. Clodius.* What is your suite?

1. *Pet.* To accept this poore Petition which makes knowne,  
my many wrongs in which I crave his Justice,  
and upright sentence to support my cause,  
which else is trod downe by oppression.

*M. Clodius.* My Lords hand is the prop of Innocence,  
and if your cause be worthy his supportance  
it cannot fall.

1. *Petitioner.* The gods of Rome protect him.

*Clodius.* What is your paper too petitionary?

2. *Petis.* It leanes upon the Justice of the Judge,  
your noble Lord, the very stay of Rome.

*Clodius.* And surer basis, for a poore mans cause,  
she cannot yeeld. Your papers I'll deliver,  
and when my Lord ascends the Judgement seate,  
you shall find gracious comfort.

*Enter Icilius troubled.*

*Icilius.* Where's your Lord?

*Clodius.* *Icilius*? faire *Virginia's* late betroth'd?

*Icilius.* Your eares, I hope, you have not forfeited,  
that you returne no answer. Where's your Lord?

*Clodius.* At's studie.

*Icilius.* I desire admittance to him.

*Clodius.* Please you attend, I'll know his Lordships pleasure,  
*Icilius*? I pray heaven she have not blab'd.

*Icilius.* Attend? a petty Lawyer's other day,  
gl'd of a fee, but call'd to eminent place,  
even to his betters, now the word's, Ascend,  
This gowned office, what a breadth it bears?  
how many tempests waite upon his frowne?

*Enter Clodius.*

*Clodius.* All the petitioners withdraw. *L. Appius*



must have this place more private, as a favours reserv'd for you, *Icilius*. Here's my Lord.

*Enter Appius with Lictors afore him.*

*Appius*. Be gone, this place is only spar'd for us, and you *Icilius*. Now your business.

*Icil*. May I speak it freely?

*App*. We have suffering ears, A heart the softest downe may penetrate. Proceed.

*Icil*. My Lord.

*App*. We are private, Pray your courtesie.

*Icil*. My duty.

*App*. Leavethat to th' publick eye of Rome, and of Rome's people. *Clodius* there.

*Clod*. My Lord:

*App*. Place me a second Chaire; that done, remove your self. So now, your absence *Clodius*.

*Icilius* sit, this grace we make not common unto the noblest Romane, but to you our love affords it freely. Now your suite.

*Icil*. It is, you would be kind unto the Camp.

*App*. Wherein, *Icilius*, doth the Camp touch thee?

*Icil*. Thus: Old *Virginus*, now my father in Law, kept from the publick pay, consumes himself, sells his Revenues, turns his plate to coyn, to wage his souldiers, and supply the Camp, wasting that useful substance which indeed should rise to me, as my *Virginia's* Dowry.

*App*. We meet that opposition thus *Icilius*. The Camps supplies doth not consist in us, but those that keep the common Treasury: speak or intreat we may, but not command. But Sir, I wonder, you so brave a Youth, son to a thrifty Romane, should ally you, and knit your strong armes to such falling branches; which rather in their ruine will bear down your strength, then you support their rottenness. Be swayd by me, fly from that ruinous house whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine, whose bases are of Marble, deeply fixt to mangle all gusts and impending stormes. Cast off that beggars daughter, poor *Virginia*, whose dowry and beauty, I'll see trebled both,

in one ally'd to me. Smile you *Iscilius*?

*Icil.* My Lord, my Lord, think you, I can imagine  
your close and sparing hand can be profuse  
to give that man a Palace, whom you late  
deny'd a cottage? Will you from your own coffers  
grant me a treble Dowry, yet interpose me  
a poor third from the common Treasury?  
You must move me by possibilities,  
for I have brains; give first your hand and Seal,  
that old *Virginus* shall receive his pay  
both for himself and souldiers, and that done,  
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think,  
that you who with such willingness did that

*App.* Is my Love mispriz'd?

*Icil.* Not to *Virginia*.

*App.* *Virginia*?

*Icil.* Yes *Virginia*, Lustful Lord:  
I did but trace your cunning all this while:  
You would bestow me on some Appian Trull,  
and for that dross to cheat me of my Gold;  
for this the Camp pines, and the City smarts:  
All *Rome* fares worse for thy incontinence.

*App.* Mine boy

*Icil.* Thine Judg. This hand hath intercepted  
thy Letters, and perus'd thy tempting guests,  
these ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch,  
these eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd.  
A Judg, a Divil.

*App.* Come I'll hear no more.

*Icil.* Sit still, or by the powerful Gods of *Rome*  
I'll nail thee to the Chair. But suffer me,  
I'll offend nothing but thine ears.

*App.* Our Secretary.

*Icil.* Tempt not a Lovets fury, if thou dost  
now by my vow, insculpt in heaven, I'll send thee.

*App.* You see I am patient.

*Icil.* But withal revengeless.

*App.* So, say on.

*Icil.* Hope not of any grace, or the least favours:  
I am so covetous of *Virginia*'s love,  
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch,  
Divide one bare imaginary thought  
into a thousand, thousand parts, and that  
I'll not afford thee.

*App.*



*App.* Thou shalt not.

*Icil.* Nay, I will not.

Hadst thou a Judges place above those Judges  
that judg all soules, having power to sentence me,  
I would not bribe thee, no not with one hair  
from her fair temples.

*App.* Thou shouldst not.

*Icil.* Nay, I would not.

Think not her Beauty shall have leave to crown  
thy lustfull hopes with the least spark of blisse,  
or have thine ears charm'd with the ravishing sound  
even of her harshest phraze.

*App.* I will not.

*Icil.* Nay, thou shalt not.

Shee's mine, my soul is crown'd in her desire,  
to her I'd travell through a land of fire.

*App.* Now have you done?

*Icil.* I have spoke my thoughts.

*App.* Then will thy fury give me leave to speak.

*Icil.* I pray say on.

*App.* *Icilus*, I must chide you, and withall  
tell you, your rashnesse hath made forfeiture  
even of your precious life, which wee esteeme  
too deer to call in question. If I wisht you  
of my allyance, graft into my blood,  
condemn you me for that? Oh see the rashnesse  
and blind misprision of distempred youth!  
As for the Maid *Virginia*, wee are far  
even in least thought from her; and for those Letters,  
Tokens and Presents, wee acknowledg none.  
Alas, though great in place, wee are not gods.  
If any false impostor hath usurpt  
our hand or greatnesse in his own behoof,  
can wee help that? *Icilus*, there's our hand;  
your rashnesse we remit; let's have hereafter  
your love and best opinion. For your soire,  
repair to us at both our better leisures;  
wee'l breathe in it new life.

*Icil.* I crave your pardon.

*App.* Granted ere crav'd, my good *Icilus*.

*Icil.* ——— *Morrow*

*App.* It is no more indeed. *Morrow* *Icilus*  
If any of our servants wait without, send  
command them in.

*Icil.* I shall.

*App.*

*App.* Our Secretary, we have use for him. *Isilim*, send him hither.

Again good morrow.

*Exit Isilim*

Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.

*Appius* be circumspect, and be not rash  
in blood as th'art in lust? Be murderous fil,  
but when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

*Enter Clodius.*

*Clod.* My Honourable Lord.

*Appius.* Deride me, dog?

*Clod.* Who hath stirr'd up this tempest in your brow?

*App.* Not you? Fie, you?

*Clod.* All you Pantheon Gods,  
confound me, if my soul be accessory  
to your distractions.

*Appius.* To send a ruffian hither,  
even to my closet, first, to brave my Greatness,  
play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiss me;  
nay after all these deep disparagements,  
threat me with steel, and menace me unarm'd,  
to nail me to my seat, if I but mov'd:  
all these are slight, slight toys.

*Clod.* *Isilim* do this?

*App.* Ruffian *Isilim*, he that in the front  
of a smooth Citizen, bears the rugged soul  
of a most base Bandetto.

*Clod.* He shall die for't.

*App.* Be not too rash.

*Clod.* Were there no more men to support great *Rome*,  
even falling *Rome* should perish, ere he stand:  
I'll after him, and kill him.

*App.* Stay, I charge thee.

Lend me a patient ear; To right our wrongs,  
we must not menace with a publick hand;  
we stand in the worlds eye, and shall be taxt  
of the least violence, where we revenge:  
We should smile smoothest where our hate's most deep,  
and when our spleen's broad waking, seem to sleep.  
Let the young man play still upon the bit,  
till we have brought and train'd him to our lure;  
Great men should strike but once, and then strike sure.

*Clod.* Love you *Virginia* still?

*App.* Do I still live?

*Clod.*

*Clod.* Then she's your own. *Virginus* is, you say,  
still in the Camp.

*App.* True,

*Clod.* Now in his absence will I claim *Virginus*,  
to be the daughter of a bond woman,  
and slave to me; to prove which, I'll produce  
firm proofs, notes probable, sound Witnesses;  
then having with your Lictors summonsd her,  
I'll bring the cause before your Judgement Seat,  
where, upon my infallid evidence,  
you may pronounce the sentence on my side,  
and she become your Strumpet not your Bride.

*App.* Thou hast a copious brain, but how in this  
shall we dispose *Scilius*?

*Clod.* If he spurne  
clap him up close, there's wayes to charm his spleen.  
By this no scandal can redound to you;  
the Cause is mine; you but the Sentencer  
upon that evidence which I shall bring.  
The business is, to 'ave Warrants by Arrest,  
to answer such things at the Judgment Bar  
as can be laid against her; Ere her friends  
can be assembled, ere her self can study  
her answer or scarce know her cause of summons  
to descant on the matter, *Appius* may  
examine, try, and doom *Virginus*.  
But all this must be sudden.

*App.* Thou art born  
to mount me high above *Scilius* scorn.  
I'll leave it to thy manage.

*Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

## *Actus Tertius Scena Prima.*

*Enter Nurse and the Clown.*

*Corbulo.* What was that you said, Nurse?

*Nurse.*

Why, I did say thou must bestir thy self.

*Corbulo.* I warrant you I can bestir my stumps as soon as another, if fit occasion be offered; but why do you come upon me in such haste? is it because (Nurse) I should come over you at leisure?

*Nurse*

*Nurse.* Come over me, thou know'st what I don't thou mean by that?  
*Corbulo.* Only this, if you will come off, I will come on.

*Nurse.* My Lord hath strangers to night: you must make ready the  
Parlour, a table and lights; nay when, if you will, I will go to bed.

*Corbulo.* Me thinks you should rather wish for a bed than for a  
board, for darkness then for lights: yet I must confess you have been  
a light woman in your time: but now.

*Nurse.* But now? what now, you know.

*Corbulo.* But now I'll go fetch the table and some lights presently.

*Enter Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Icilius.*

*Numis.* Some lights to usher in these Gentlemen,  
Clear all the rooms without there, Sir, pray sit.

None interrupt our conference. *Enter Virginia.*  
Ha, whose that?

*Nurse.* My most—child, if it please you.

*Numis.* Fair Virginia, you are welcome.  
The rest forbear us till we call. Sweet cozen,

our business, and the cause of our discourse,  
admits you to this Council. Take your place.

*Icilius* we are private, now proceed.

*Icil.* Then thus, *Lord Appian* doth intend me wrong,  
and under his smooth calmness cloak a tempest,  
that will ere long break out in violence  
on me and on my fortunes.

*Numis.* My good cozen,  
you are young, and youth breeds rashness. Can I think  
*Lord Appian* will do wrong, who is all justice  
the most austere and upright Censor  
that ever sat upon the awful Bench?

*Valer.* *Icilius*, you are near to me in blood,  
and I esteem your safety as mine owne.  
If you will needs wage eminence and state,  
chuse out a weaker opposite, not one  
that in his arm bears all the strength of Rome.

*Numis.* Besides *Icilius*,  
know you the danger what it is to scandal  
one of his place and way?

*Icil.* I know it kinde, yet this popular Greatness  
can be no bug-bear so affright mine innocence.  
No his smooth crest hath cast a palmed blow  
over *Rome's* eyes. He juggles a plain Jugger,  
*Lord Appian* is no less.

E. *Numis.*

**Horat.** Nay, then Come, you are too high, and I must be no more.

**Isil.** It becomes my place and gravity to lend a face to such reprehensible terms; against one of his high sciences.

**Isil.** Sir, I am glad to see me draw his picture fore your eyes, to make this man seem monstrous, and this god.

**Appius.** Goodness, a devil, a plain devil. This Lord, this Judge, this *Appius*, that professeth to all the world a vestal chastity, is an incontinent, loose Lecher, grown.

**Numis.** By cozen.

**Isil.** Nay, 'tis true. Daily and hourly he tempts this blushing Virgin with large promises, with melting words and Presents of high rate, to be the slave to his unchaste desire.

**Omnes.** Is't possible?

**Isil.** Possible?

'Tis actual Truth, I pray but ask your Niece.

**Virg.** Most true, I am extremely ty'd and wearied with messages and tokens of his love; no answer, no repulse will satisfy the tediousness of his importunate suit. And whilst I could wish modesty and honour, without the danger of reproach and shame, I kept it secret from *Isilim*, but when I saw their boldness found no limit, and they from fair intreaty grew to threats, I told him all.

**Isil.** True: understanding which to him I went.

**Valer.** To *Appius*?

**Isil.** To that Giant, the high *Colossus* that bestrides us all. I went to him.

**Horat.** How did you bear your self?

**Isil.** Like *Appius*, at the first dissemblingly; but when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn, and none but we two in the Lobby, then I drew my Poynard, took him by the throat, and when he would have clamor'd, threatned death, unless he would with patience hear me out.

**Numis.** Did he, *Isilim*?

**Isil.**



*Isil.* I made him that he durst not speak,  
not move a finger, not draw a breath too loud,  
nor stir a finger.

*Horatio.* What succeeded then?

*Numis.* Keep fast the door there: Sweet Conscience too loud  
What then succeeded?

*Isilins.* Why, I told him all, and how  
gave him his due, call'd him lascivious Judge,  
(a thousand things which I have now forgot)  
shew'd him his hand a witness 'gainst himself,  
and every thing with such known circumstance,  
that he might well excuse, but not deny.

*Numis.* How parted you?

*Isilins.* Why Friends, in outward shew  
But I perceiv'd his heart: that Hypocrite  
was born to gall Rome, and deceive us all.  
He swore to me quite to abjure his love;  
yet ere my self could reach Virginia's chamber,  
one was before me with regrets from him;  
I know his hand. The intent of this our meeting  
was to intreat your counsell and advice  
The good old man her Father is from home,  
I think it good that she wait in his absence;  
I should lodge in secret with some private friend,  
where Appius nor his Lictors, those blood-hounds  
can hunt her out. You are her uncle Sir,  
I pray counsell the best.

*Numis.* To oppose our selves  
now in this heat against so great a mischief  
might in my judgment to our selves bring danger,  
and to my Niece no safety. If we fall  
she cannot stand; lets then preserve our selves  
until her father be discharg'd the Camp.

*Valer.* And good Gods, for your private ends,  
and the dear safety of your friends and kindred,  
against that Statist, spare to use your spleen.

*Isil.* I will be sway'd by you. My Lords, 'tis late,  
and time to break up conferences; Noble Ullius  
I am your growing Debtor.

*Numis.* Lights without there.

*Isil.* I will conduct Virginia to her lodging.  
Good night to all at once.

*Numis.* The Gods of Rome protect you all, and then  
we need not fear the envious rage of men.

*Exunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Clodius, Liffors, and others.*

*Clodius.* Liffors, bestow your time in waiting about the forum, till you have the sight of faire *Virginia*, for I understand she is come to this point morning. And to the south to buy some necessities at the Sempsters shops: how ere accompanied be it your care to sease her at our action. I should my friendship to disperse your selves, and keep a careful watch.

1. 'Tis strange that Liffors will not pay their debts.  
2. 'Tis strange that if that were the case, they would give them good example and pay theirs.

1. The Calender that we Liffors goe by, is all dog dayes.

3. Right, our common humors will to dog and heifer.

1. And whats your book of common prayer?

2. Faith onely for the increase of his most goodly country, and banquerouts.

1. I know no man more violent than you are, for you back Knights and Gentlemen daily.

2. Right, we have them by the backe honestly, by our French five applied to the nape of the neck for the fourth Rheuma, is not so sore a drawer as a Liffors.

1. Some say that if a little more of fellow would juggle a giant's gerhead, let him be sure to pay him fairly, but what we shoulder a Knight, or a Knights fellow, we make him more sure, for we kennell him 'ch' counter.

2. Come, lets about our businesse.

*Enter Virginia, Nurse, and others.*

*Virg.* You are growne wondrous stout and bold, why doe you looke back so often?

*Clown.* Madam, I goe as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

*Virg.* And what's the reason?

*Clown.* Your Ladship never saw a Monke in all your life time have a clog at's taile, but he's still looking back to see what the devil 'tis that followes him.

*Nurse.* Very good, we are your clogs then.

*Virg.* Your crest is growne regardant; here's the beauty that makes your eyes forgetfull of their way.

*Clow.* Beauty? O the gods! Madam, I do not see her com.

*Nurse.* Why sir, what's my complexion?

*Clow.* Thy complexion is just between a moore and a french woman.

*Virg.* But she hath a matchlesse eye sir.

*Clow.* True, her eyes are not right match'd, she's like a widow.

*Nurse.* What then, I pray you?



*Clown.* Of all waters I would drinke my muddie poynterd with a widows teares.

*Virg.* Why, I beseech you?

*Clown.* O they are too fresh Madam, assure your selfe, they will not last for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter; besides, if a man come wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet contrary to the old rule, she will sooner fill her eye then her belly. Besides that, if he looke into her estate, first, I look you, Here are foure fingers, first the charge of her husbands funerall, next debts, and legacies, and lastly the reversion, now take away debts and legacies, and what remaines for her second husband?

*Nurse.* I would some of the Tribe heard you.

*Clown.* There's a certaine fish, that as the learned divulge, is call'd a sharke. Now this fish can never feede while he swims upon's belly, marry when he lies upon his back, oh he takes it as pleasure.

*Virg.* Well sir, about your businesse, make provision of those things I directed.

*Clown.* Sweet Lady, these eyes shall be the clarks of the kitchen for your belly; but I can assure your Woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's a great fealt towards.

*Virg.* You are very pleasant.

*Clown.* And fresh too is taken down thick and threefold, women without great bellies goe together by the ears for't; and such a number of sweet tooth'd eaters in the market, not a calves head to be got for love or money; Muttons mutton now.

*Virg.* Why, was it not so ever?

*Clown.* No Madam, the sinners i'th Suburbs had almost tane the name quite away from't, 'twas so cheap and common: but now 'tis at a sweet reckoning, the Terme time is the muttonmonger in the whole calender.

*Nurse.* Doe your Lawyers eat any sallets with their mutton.

*Clow.* Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton, so long till with their muzzling and cutting some of them be out at heeles againe. A bountifull minde and a full purse ever attend your Ladiship.

*Virg.* O I thank you. *Enter Clodius, and foure Litters.*

*Clo.* See, yon's the Lady.

*Clown.* I will buy up for your Ladiship all the young cuckoos in the market. *Virg.* What to doe?

*Clown.* O 'tis the most delicatest dish Ile assure you, and newest in fash on: not a great fealt in all Rome without a cuckoo.

*Clodi. Virginia. Virg.* Sit.

*Clodi.* Mistress you doe not know me, yet we must be acquainted: follow me.

*Virg.*

*Virg.* You doe salute me strangely. Follow you.

*Clow.* Doe you hear sir, me thinks you have followers enough. Many Gentlemen that I know, would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'll assure you.

*Clodius.* Come, will you goe?

*Virg.* Whither? by what command?

*Clodius.* By warrant of these men, and priviledge I hold even on thy life. Come ye proud dame, you are not what you seeme.

*Virg.* Uocivill sir, what makes you thus familiar and thus bold? Unhand me villaine.

*Clodius.* What Mistris, to your Lord? he that can set the rasor to your throate, and punish you as freely as the gods, no man to aske the cause? Thou art my slave, and here I sease what's mine.

*Virg.* Ignoble villaine, I am as free as the best King or Consul since *Romulus*. What dost thou meane? Unhand me.

Give notice to my uncle and *Scilium*, what violence is offer'd me. *Clodi.* Doe, doe.

*Clow.* Doe you presse women for soldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure? By this light if thou hast any eares on thy head, as it is a question, I'll make my Lord pull you out by th' eares, though you take a Castle. *Exit.*

*Clodius.* Come, will you goe along? *Nurse.* Whither should she goe sir? here's pulling and heling a poore Gentlewoman.

*Clodius.* Hold you your prating reverence, the whip shall cease on you for your smooth cozenage.

*Virg.* Are not you servant to Lord *Appian*?

*Clodius.* How ere I am your Lord, and will approve it 'fore all the Senate.

*Virg.* Thou wilt prove thy selfe the cursed pander for anothers lust, and this your plot shall burst about your Ears like thunderbolts.

*Clodi.* Hold you that confidence, first I will sease you by the course of law, And then I'll talke with you.

*Enter Scilium, and Numitrius.*

*Numis.* How now, faire cozen?

*Scilium.* How now, Gentlemen?

what's

# A Tragedy.

11

What's the offence of faire *Virginia*,  
you bend your weapons on us?

*Liſſor.* Sir stand back, we fear a rescue;

*Isilius.* There's no need of feare,  
where there's no cause of rescue: what's the matter?  
*Virg.* O my *Isilius*! Your incredulity  
hath quite undone me, I am now no more  
*Virginian* daughter, so this villaine urges;  
But publish't for his bond woman.

*Numis.* How's this?

*Clodius.* 'Tis true my Lord,  
and I will take my right by course of Law.

*Isilius.* Villaines set her free,  
or by the power of all our Romane gods,  
I'll give that just revenge unto my rage  
which should be given to Justice. Bond woman?

*Clodi.* Sir, we doe not come to fight, wee'll deale. *Enter Appius.*  
By course of Law. My Lord we fear a rescue.

*Appius.* A rescue? never fear't, here's none in presence  
but civill men. My Lord, I am glad to see you.

Noble *Isilius*, we shall ever love you.

Now Gentlemen reach your Petitions.

*Isilius.* My Lord, my Lord.

*App.* Worthy *Isilius*, if you have any business defer't  
untill to morrow, or the afternoone,  
I shall be proud to pleasure you.

*Isilius.* The Fox is catch't, my Lord you cannot winde him yet.

*Appius.* Stooles for my noble friends, — I pray you sir.

*Clodius.* May it please your Lordship.

*App.* Why uncivill sir?

have I not beg'd for beaerance of my best  
and dearest friends, and must you trouble me?

*Clodius.* My Lord, I must be heard, and will be heard,  
were all the gods in Parliament, I'd burst  
their silence with my importunity,  
but they should heare me.

*Appius.* The fellow's mad;  
we have no leasure now to heare you sir.

*Clodius.* Hast now no leasure to heare just complaints?  
Resigne thy place O *Appius*, that some other  
may doe me Justice then.

*Appius.* Wee'l hear't to morrow.

*Clodius.* O my Lord,  
Deny me Justice absolutely, rather

then

them feed me with delays.

*Isilius.* Good my Lord hear him, and wonder when you heare him, that a case so full of vile Imposture, should desire to be unfoulded.

*Clodius.* I my Lord, 'tis true, the Imposture is on their parts.

*Appius.* Hold your prating, away with him to prison, clamorous fellow. Suspect you our uprightnesse?

*Clodius.* No my Lord: but I have mighty Enemies, my Lord, will overflow my cause. See, here I hold my bondwoman that brags her selfe, to be descended of a noble family. My purse is too scant to wage Law with them. I am enforced to be mine own advocate, not one will pleade for me. Now if, your Lordship will doe me justice so, if not then know high hills are safe, when seas poore dales or'eflow.

*Appius.* Sirra, I think it fit to let you know, e're you proceed in this your subtle suite, what penalty and danger you acrne, if you be found to double. Here's a virgin famous by birth, by education noble, and she forsooth, haply but to draw some piece of money from her worthy father, must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman. Sirra take heed, and well be think your selfe, I'll make you a president to all the world, if I but finde you tripping.

*Clodius.* Doe it freely, and view on that condition these just proofes.

*App.* Is that the Virgins nurse.

*Nurse.* Her milch Nurse my Lord, I had a fore hand with her for a year and a quarter, I have had somewhat to doe with her since too, for the poore Gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sicknesse.

*Isilius.* I pray thee Nurse intreat *Sextorius* to come and speak with me.

*App.* Here is strange circumstance, view it my Lord, if he should prove this, it would make *Virginie* think he were wronged.

*Isilius.* There is a devilish cunning,

express in this black forgerie.

*App. Isidius and Virginia* pray come near  
compound with this base fellow. You were better  
disburse some trifle then to undergo  
the question of her freedom.

*Isidius*. O my Lord!

she were not worth a handfull of a bribe,  
if she did need a bribe.

*Appius*. Nay, take your course,

I onely give you my opinion.

I aske no fee for't. Do you know this fellow?

*Virginia*. Yes my Lord, he's your servant.

*Appius*. Yare i'th' right:

But will you truly know his character?

he was at first a petty Notary,  
a fellow that being trusted with large summes  
of honest Citizens, to be employ'd  
i'th' trade of usury; this Gentleman,  
couching his credit like a tilting steele  
most cunningly it brake, and at one course  
he ran away with thirty thousand pound,  
returning to the City seven year after,  
having compounded with his creditors  
for the third moiety, he buyes an office  
belonging to our place, depends on us  
in which the oppression and vile injuries  
he hath done poore suters, they have come to us  
and I to pety: he hath sold his offices  
for silver, but his promises for gold,  
his delays have undone men.

The plague that in some foulded cloud remains  
the bright Sun soone disperseth; but observe  
when black infection in some dunghill lies,  
there's worke for bells and graves, if it doe rise.

*Numitor*. He was an ill prop to your house, my Lord.

*Appius*. 'Tis true my Lord, but we that have such servants,  
are like to Cuccolds that have riotous wives,  
we are the last that know it: this is it  
makes noblemen suspected to have done ill,  
when the oppression lies in their proud followers.

*Clod*. My Lord, it was some soothing scophant,  
some base detraction Rascal that hath spread  
this filthhood in your ears.

*App*. Peace Impudence, did I not yester day, no longer since



# A Tossell

surprize thee in thy Study counterfeiting  
our hand? *Clod.* 'Tis true, my Lord.

*App.* Being subscribed unto a Letter fill'd with amorous lines  
unto this Lady?

*Clod.* I have askt your pardon;  
and gave you reason why I was bold  
to use that forgery.

*App.* Did you receive it?

*Virg.* I did my Lord, and I can shew your Lordship  
a packet of such Letters.

*App.* Now by the Gods  
I'll make you rue it. I beseech you Sir,  
show them the reason mov'd you counterfeited  
our Letter.

*Clod.* Sir, I had no other colour  
to come to speak with her.

*App.* A goodly reason!  
Did you until this hour acquaint her  
with your intended suit?

*Clod.* At several times,  
and would have drawn her by some private counsel  
to have compounded for her liberty.

*Virg.* Now by a Virgins honour and true birth,  
'tis false, my Lord, I never had a dream  
so terrible as is this monstrous devil.

*App.* Well Sir, referring my particular wrong  
to a particular censure, I would know  
what is your suit? *Clod.* My Lord, a speedy trial.

*App.* You shall obtain't with all severity,  
I will not give you longer time to dream  
upon new slights to cloak your forgery.  
Observe you this Camelion, my Lord,  
He make him change his colour presently.

*Numis.* My Lord, although th' uprightness of our cause  
needs no delays, yet for the satisfaction  
of old Virginius, let him be present  
when we shall crave a trial.

*Appius.* Sir it needs not:  
Who stands for father of the Innocent,  
if not the Judg? He save the poor old man  
that needless travel.

*Virg.* With your favour Sir,  
we must intreat some respite in a business.

so needful of his presence.

*App.* I do protest, you wrong your selves thus to importune me.

Well, let it be to morrow. I'll not sleep till I have made this thicker a smooth place, and giv'n you your true ~~beaver~~ back again.

*Isil.* My Lord, the distance 'twixt the Camp and us cannot be measured in so short a time.

Let us have four dayes respite.

*App.* You are unwise; rumor by that time will have fully spread the scandal, which being ended in ~~any way~~ will turn to air: To morrow is the Tryal, in the mean time, let all contented thoughts attend you.

*Clod.* My Lord, you deal unjustly thus to dismiss her; this is that they seek for, before to morrow they'll convey her hence, where my claim shall not ~~lose~~ her.

*App.* Cunning knave, You would have bond for her appearance? ~~say~~.

*Clod.* I think the motions honest.

*App.* Very good; *Isil.* shall engage his honoured word for her appearance.

*Clod.* As you please, my Lord, But it were fitting her old Uncle there were jointly bound with him.

*App.* Well Sir, your pleasure shall have satiety. You'll take our word for her appearance; will you not Sir, I pray?

*Clod.* Most willingly my Lord.

*App.* Then Sir you have it; and I'll mean time I'll take the ~~honoured~~ Lady into my guardianship, ~~and by my life~~ I'll use her in all kindness as my wife.

*Isil.* Now by the Gods you shall not.

*App.* Shall not, what?

*Isil.* Not use her as your wife Sir.

*App.* O my Lord, I ~~take it from my hand~~.

*Isil.* I very likely.

She is a Virgin Sir, and must not live under a man forth coming; do you mark not under your forth coming, ~~leashers~~.

*Appi.* Mistake me not, my Lord. Our Secretary is bid to subscribe  
Take bonds for the appearance of this Lady.

And now to you sir, you shall be my friend, I have  
I here casheire you; never shall you be  
thy villanies under our noble lord's doom; I shall  
nor scape the whip, or the fell hangman's hook, nor give  
by warrant of our King's Council, I shall be your enemy.

*Clod.* So my Lord, I am more free to serve the Gods, I hope, than I have  
I am more free to serve the Gods, I hope, than I have  
now I have lost your service.

*App.* Hark you sirs, who shall give bonds for your appearance, to justify your claim?

*Clod.* I have none, my Lord.

*App.* Away, commit him prisoner to his chamber.

I'll keep you safe from starting.

*Clod.* Why my Lord, I will not hear you.

*App.* Away, I will not hear you. A Judge's heart here in the midst must stand, and move not a haire's breadth to either hand.

*Numit.* O were thy heart but of the self same piece thy tongue is, *Appius*; how blest were I.

*Isil.* Post to the campe *Servilius*, thou hast heard th'effect of all, relate it to *Virgilius*. I pray thee use thy ablest horsemanship, for it concerns us near.

*Serto.* I goe my Lord.

*Isil.* Sure all this is damn'd cunning.

*Virg.* O my Lord,

seamen in tempests shun the flattering shores,

to bear full sails upon't were danger more.

So men o're born with greatness still hold dead,

false seeming friends that on their bosoms spread;

for this is a safe truth which never varies;

He that strikes all his faith on a man's eyes,

*Isil.* Must we be slaves both to tyrants will,

and confounding ignorance at once?

Where are we, in a mist, or is this hell?

I have seen as great as the proud Judge have fell;

the bending Willow yeilding to each wind,

shall keep his rooting firme; when the proud Oak,

braving the storme, presuming on his root,

shall have his body rent from head to foot.

Let us expect the worst that may befall,

and with a noble confidence beare all.

Enter

*Enter Appius, Clodius, and a Servant.*  
*App.* Here, bear this packet to *Adrianius*,  
 and privately deliver it, make as much speed  
 as if thy father were dead: *Clod.* Camp  
 and that thou wert fit to take the Administration  
 of what he left thee. Fly. *Serv.* I go my Lord. *Exit.*

*App.* O my trusty *Clodius*,  
*Clod.* My dear Lord,  
 let me adore your divine policy.  
 You have poison'd them with sweet meats, you have my Lord.  
 But what contain those Letters?

*App.* Much importance.  
*Adrianius* is commanded by that packet  
 to hold *Virginus* prisoner in the Camp  
 on some suspect of Treason.

*Clod.* But my Lord, how will you answer this?  
*App.* Truth, my fault: but a bare name is good, or  
 or shadow of a Crime will be sufficient  
 for his committing: thus when he is absent  
 we shall in a more calm and friendly sea-  
 sail to our purpose.

*Clod.* Mercury himself  
 could not direct more safely.

*App.* O my *Clodius*,  
 Observe this rule, one ill must cure another;  
 as *Aconitum* a strong poison, brings  
 a present cure against all Serpents stings.  
 In high attempts, the soul hath infinite eyes,  
 and 'tis necessary makes men most wise.  
 Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,  
 this of my fate in after times be spoken,  
 I'll break that with my weight on which I am broken. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Two Serving men at one door, at the other Corbulo*  
*the Clowne melancholy.*

*1 Serving.* Why how now *Corbulo*? thou wast not wont to be of  
 this sad temper. What's the matter now?

*Corb.* Times change, and seasons alter, some men are born to the  
 Bench, and some to the halter. What do you think now that I am?

*1 Serving.* I think thee to be *Virginus*'s man, and *Corbulo*.

*Corb.* No, no such matter: ghast again, tell me but what I am,  
 or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be?

*1 Serving.* I take thee to be an honest good fellow. *Corb.*



*Corb.* Wide of the bow hand still: *Corb.* I have such man.

2. *Serving.* What art thou then?

*Corb.* Listen, and I'll describe my self to you: I am something better then a Knave, and yet come short of being an honest man; and though I can sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the base, being indeed, and as the case stands with me at this present, inferior to a rogue, and three degrees worse then a Rascal.

1. *Serving.* How comes this to passe?

*Corb.* Only by my services successe. Take heed whom you serve, Oh you serving Creatures, for this is all I have got by serving my Lady Virginia.

2. *Serving.* Why, what of her?

*Corb.* She is not the woman you take her to be; for though she have borrowed no money, yet she is entred into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she is challenged to be a bond woman; now if she be a bond woman and a slave, and I her servant and Vassal, what did you take me to be? I am an Ant, a Gnat, a worm, a Woodcock amongst birds, a Hodmoudod amongst flies, amongst Cures a trindle tale, and amongst fishes a poor Iper; but amongst Serving men worse, worse then the mans man to the under Yeomen-Pewterer.

1. *Serving.* But is it possible, thy Lady is challenged to be a slave? What witness have they?

*Corb.* Witness these Fountains, these Flood-gates, these Wellsprings: the poor Gentlewoman was Arrested in the open Market; I offered, I offered to bail her, but (though she was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone so near my heart, that until I be made free, I shall never be mine own man. The Lord Appins hath committed her to Ward, and it is thought she shall neither lye on the Knight side, nor in the Troping Ward, for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the Hole. His Warrant hath been out for her, but how the case stands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

2. *Serving.* When shall the Tryal be?

*Corb.* I take it to be as soon as the morning is brought a bed of a new son and Heir.

2. *Serving.* And when is that?

*Corb.* Why to morrow, for every morning you know brings forth a new son, but they are all short liv'd; for every night she drowns them in the Westerne sea. But to leave these *Servants*, as too high for your dull apprehensions. Shall I see you at the Tryal to morrow?

1. *Serving.* By Joves help I'll be there.

2. *Serving.*



2. *Serving.* And I will live  
*Corb.* And I, if I dye for thee. Here's my hand I'll meet you. It is  
 thought my old master will be there (as the Bary for though all the  
 timber of his ho use yet stand, yet my Lord *Numitorius* hath sent  
 one of his Posts to the Camp to bid him ~~put~~ cut and come to the sen-  
 tence. Oh we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered  
 with lead. But you will remember to be there.

1. *Serving.* And not to fail.  
*Corb.* If I chance to meet you there and that the Case go against us,  
 I will give you a quart, not of Wine, but of Tears; for instead of a  
 new Role, I purpose to break my Fast with sops of sorrow.

*Explicit Actus tertius.*

### Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

*Enter Virginus like a slave, Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatio*  
*Virginia like a slave, Julia, Calphurina, Nurse.*

*Virginus.* Thanks to my noble friends, it now appears  
 that you have rather lov'd me then my fortune,  
 for that's near shipwrack: chance you see still ranges,  
 and this short dance of life is full of changes.

*Appius* I how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful?  
 It is a question, whether the proud Teacher  
 will view us to our merit; for they say,  
 his memory to virtue and good men  
 is still carousing. *Enter.* O the Gods,  
 not with more terror do the souls in hell  
 appear before the seat of *Rhadamant*,  
 then the poor Client yonder.

*Numit.* O *Virginus*.  
 Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits  
 your noble person, or this reverend place.

*Virg.* That's true, old man, but it well fits the case  
 that's now in question. If with form and show  
 they prove her slaved, all freedom I'll forgoe.

*Icilius.* Noble *Virginus*,  
 put out a bold and confident defence:  
 search the Imposture, like a cunning Tryer,  
 false menials bear the touch, but brook not fire.

their

their brittle ness betrays them ; let your breath  
discover as much shame in them, as death  
did ever draw from Offenders. Let your truth  
nobly supported, void of fear or art,  
welcome what ever comes with a great heart.

*Virginius.* Now by the Gods, I thank thee noble youth,  
I never fear'd in a besieged Town  
Mines or great Engines like yon Lawyers Gown.

*Virginia.* O my dear Lord and father, once you gave me  
a noble freedom, do not see it lost  
without a forfeiture; take the life you gave me  
and sacrifice it rather to the gods  
then to a villains Lust. Happy the Wretch  
who born in bondage lives and dies a slave,  
and sees no lustful projects bent upon her,  
and neither knows the life nor death of honor.

*Isid.* We have neither Justice, no nor violence,  
which should reform corruption sufficient  
to cross their black premeditated doom.

*Appius* will seize her, all the fire in hell  
is leapt into his bosom.

*Virginius.* O you Gods,  
extinguish it with your compassionate tears,  
although you make a second deluge spread,  
and swell more high then *Tenerife's* high head.  
Have not the Wars heart snow sufficient,  
upon this aged head, but they will still  
pile winter upon winter?

*Enter Appius, Oppius, Clodius, five Senators, Officers.*

*Appius.* Is he come? say.

Now by my life I'll quit the General.

*Numit.* Your reverence to the Judge, good brother.

*Virginius.* Yes Sir, I have learnt my complement thus,  
Blest mean estates who stand in fear of many,  
and great are curst for that they fear not any.

*App.* What is *Virginius* come?

*Virg.* I am here my Lord.

*App.* Where is your daughter?

*Numit.* Here my reverend Lord.  
Your habit shewes you strangely.

*Virginia.* O 'tis fit,  
it suits both time and cause. Pray pardon it,

*App.* Where is your Advocate?  
*Virg.* I have none my Lord.

Truth needs no Advocate, the unjust Cause  
buys up the tongues that travel with applause  
in these your thronged Courts. I want not any,  
and count him the most wretched that needs many.

*Orator.* May it please your reverend Lordships?

*App.* What are you Sir?

*Orat.* Of counsel with my Clyent *Marcus Clodius*,

*Virg.* My Lord, I undertake a desperate combat

to cope with this most eloquent Lawyer:

I have no skill i'th' weapon, good my Lord;

I mean, I am not travell'd in your Lawes:

My suit is therefore by your special goodness

they be not wrested against me.

*App.* O *Virginians*, the gods defend they should.

*Virg.* Your humble servant shall ever pray for you.

Thus shall your glory be above your place,

or those high titles which you hold in Court,

for they dy blest that dy in good report.

Now Sir I stand you.

*Orat.* Then have at you Sir.

May it please your Lordships, here is such a Case

so full of subtilty, and as it were,

so far benighted in an ignorant mist,

that though my reading be sufficient,

my practice more, I never was intangled

in the like purlenet. Here is one that claimes

this woman for his daughter. Heres another

affirms she is his Bond-slave. Now the Question

(with favour of the Bench) I shall make plain

in two words only without circumstance:

*App.* Fall to your proofs.

*Orat.* Where are our papers. *Clod.* Here Sir.

*Orat.* Where Sir? I vow y'are the most tedious Clyent.

Now we come to't my Lord. Thus stands the Case,

the Law is clear on our sides. Hold your prating.

That honourable Lord *Virginian*

having been married about fifteen years,

and Issueless, this *Virgins* politick mother

Seeing the Land was likely to descend

to *Numitorius*. I pray Sir listen.

You my Lord *Numitorius* attend,

we are on your side. *Old Virg.* I have my good Lord.

imployed in forraign wars, she sent him **Marbo** to stand W. age.  
 she was with child; observe it, I beseech you, I ym snon sayd I. 381  
 and note the trick of a deceitful woman. 382  
 she in the mean time faine the passions 383  
 of a great bellyed woman, counterfeits 384  
 their passions and their qualles, and verily 385  
 all **Rome** held this for so impossible. 386  
 What's to be done now? heres a rumor spread 387  
 of a young Heir, gods bleis it, and belly 388  
 bumbasted with a cushion, but their wants, 389  
 (What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe, 390  
 bought with some piece of mony, where it kills mony, 391  
 to furnish this supposed lying in. 392  
**Nurse.** I protest my Lord, the fellow's ill night cap. 393  
 hath not spoke one true word yet. 394

**App.** Hold you your prating woman til you are call'd. 395

**Orat.** 'Tis purchas'd. Where? From this man bond-woman. 396

The mony paid. What was the sum of mony? 397

**Clod.** A thousand Drachmas. 398

**Orat.** Good, a thousand Drachmas. 399

**App.** Where is that bond-woman. 400

**Clod.** She's dead, my Lord. 401

**App.** O dead, that makes your Cause suspicious. 402

**Orat.** But here's her deposition on her death bed. 403

with other testimony to confirm. 404

what we have said is true. Wilt please your Lordship, 405

take pains to view these writings. Here, my Lord, 406

we shall not need to hold your Lordship long. 407

we'll make short work on't. **Virg.** My Lord, 408

**App.** By your favour. 409

If that your claim be just, how happen it 410

that you have discontinued it the space 411

of fourteen years? 412

**Orat.** I shall resolve your Lordship. 413

**Isid.** I vow this is a practis'd Dialogue. 414

comes it not rarely off? 415

**Virg.** Peace, give them leave. 416

**Orat.** 'Tis very true, this Gentleman at first 417

thought to conceal this accident, and did so 418

only reveal'd his knowledg to the mother 419

of this fair bond-woman, who bought his silence 420

during her life time with great sums of Coyne. 421

**App.** Where are your proofs of this? 422

**Orat.** Here, my good Lord, with a deposition like this. 423

*App.* Well, go on.

*Orat.* For your question of discontinuance. Put case my slave run away from me, dwell in some near City the space of twenty years, and there grow rich, it is in my discretion, by your favor, to seize him when I please. *App.* That's very true.

*Virginia.* Cast not your nobler beams, you reverend Judges on such a putrified dunghil.

*App.* By your favour, you shall be heard anon.

*Virg.* My Lords, believe not this spruce Orator. Had I but see'd him first, he would have told as smooth a tale on our side. *App.* Give us leave.

*Virg.* He deals in formal glosses, cunning shewes, and cares not greatly which way the Case goes; Examine I beseech you this old woman, who is the truest witness of her birth.

*App.* Soft you, is she your only witness?

*Virg.* She is, my Lord.

*App.* Why, is it possible such a great Lady in her time of child birth, should have no other Witness but a Nurse?

*Virg.* For ought I know the rest are dead, my Lord.

*App.* Dead? no my Lord, belike they were of counsel with your deceased Lady, and so sham'd twice to give colour to so vile an act. Thou Nurse observe me, thy offence already doth merit punishment beyond our censure, pull not more whips upon thee.

*Nurse.* I defie your whips, my Lord.

*App.* Command her silence Lictors.

*Virg.* O injustice! you frown away my Witness; Is this Law? is this uprightness?

*App.* Have you view'd the Writings? This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs beyond prevention.

*Virg.* *Appius*, wilt thou hear me? You have slander'd a sweet Lady that now sleeps in a most noble Monument. Observe me, I would have ta'en her simple word to gage before his soul or thine.

*App.* That makes thee wretched. Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love, by custome is growne natural, which by nature



should be an absolute loathing. Note the Sparrow, that having hatch'd a Cuckoo, when it sees her brood a Monster to her proper kind; forsakes it, and with more fear than the nest; then she had care, the Spring to her is dust; cast thy affection then behind thy back, and think

*Orat.* Be wise, take counsel of your friends; You have many soldiers in their time of service father strange children.

*Virg.* True: and Pleaders too, when they are sent to visit Provinces. You my most neat and cunning Orator, whose tongue is Quick-silver, Pray thee good look not so many several wayes at once, but go to th' point.

*Orat.* I will, and keep you our at points end, though I am no soldier.

*App.* First the oath of the deceased bond-woman.

*Orat.* A very vertuous Matron.

*App.* Join'd with the testimony of *Clodius*.

*Orat.* A most approved honest Gentleman.

*App.* Besides six other honest Gentlemen.

*Orat.* All Knights, and there's no question but their oaths will go for current.

*App.* See my reverend Lords, and wonder at a Case so evident.

*Virg.* My Lord, I knew it.

*Orat.* Observe my Lord how their own Policy confounds them. Had your Lordship yesterday proceeded as 'twas fit, to a just sentence, the Apparel and the Jewels that she wore, more worth then all her Tribe, had then been due unto our Client: now to cofen him of such a forfeit, see they bring the maid in her most proper habit, bond-slave like, and they will save by th' hand too. Please your Lordships, I crave a sentence.

*Virginus. Appius. Virginia.* My Lord.

*Isil.* Lord *Appius*.

*Virginus.* Now by the Gods here's juggling.

*Numit.* Who cannot counterfeit a dead mans hand?

*Virginus.* Or hire some villaine to swear forgeries?

*Isil.* *Clodius* was brought up in your house my Lord, and that's suspicious.

*Numit.*

*Nunt.* How is't probable, *Virg.* There's one who should reveal it, whom this did nearest concern, should here reveal it.

*Virg.* Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it her policy, as you term it, did not rather provide an Issue male to cheat the Father?

*Orat.* I'll answer each particular.

*App.* It needs not.

Here's witness, most sufficient witness. Think you, my Lord, our Lawes are writ in snow, and that your breath can melt them?

*Virginia.* No my Lord,

We have not such hot livers: Mark you that?

*Virginia.* Remember yet the Gods, O *Appius*, who have no part in this. Thy violent Lust shall like the biting of the invenom'd Aspick, steal thee to hell. So subtil are thy evils, in life they seem good Angels, in death devils.

*App.* Observe you not this scandal?

*Scil.* Sir, 'Tis none.

I'll show thy Letters full of violent Lust sent to this Lady.

*App.* Will thou breath a lye fore such a reverend Audience?

*Scil.* That place is sanctuary to thee. Lye? see here they are.

*App.* My Lords, these are but dilatory shifts. Sirrah I know you to the very heart, and I'll observe you.

*Scil.* Do but do it with Justice. Clear thy self first, O *Appius*, ere thou judge our imperfections rashly, for we wot the Office of a Justice is perverted quite when one thief hangs another.

*Senator.* You are too bold. *App.* Eectors take charge of him.

*Scil.* 'Tis very good.

Will no man view these papers? What not one? Jove thou hast found a Rival upon earth, his nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you. The As that carried *Isti* on his back thought that the superstitious people kneel'd to give his dulse humble reverence. If thou thinkst so proud Judge, I let thee see I bend low to thy Gown, but not to thee.

*Virg.*

*Virg.* There's one in hold already. Noble youth  
fett'ers grace one being worn for speaking truth.  
I'll lye with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon  
the injuries you do us we shall pardon;  
but it is just the wrongs which we forgive,  
the gods are charg'd therewith to see revenged.

*App.* Come, y<sup>e</sup> are a proud *Plebeian*.

*Virg.* True my Lord.

Proud in the glory of my Ancestors,  
who have continued these eight hundred years;  
the Heralds have not knowne you these eight months.

*App.* Your madness wrongs you, by my soul I love you.

*Virg.* Thy soul?

O thy opinion old *Pythagoras*;  
Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly,  
into what ravenous bird or beast most vile?  
only into a weeping Crocodile.  
Love me? Thou lov'st me (*Appian*) as the earth loves rain,  
thou fain would'st swallow me.

*App.* Know you the place you speak in?

*Virg.* I'll speak freely.

Good men too much trusting their innocence  
do not betake them to that just defence,  
which Gods and Nature gave them; but even wink  
in the black tempest, and so fondly sink.

*App.* Let us proceed to sentence.

*Virg.* Ere you speak

One parting farwel let me borrow of you  
to take of my *Virginia*.

*App.* Now my Lords,  
we shall have fair confession of the truth.  
Pray take your course.

*Virg.* Farewel my sweet *Virginia*, never, never  
shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope  
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought  
of thy most pretty infancy, when first  
returning from the Wars, I took delight  
to rock thee in my Targer, when my Girl  
would kiss her father in his bursanet  
of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck;  
and viewing the bright metal, smile to see  
another fair *Virginia* smile on thee.  
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak,  
and when my wounds have smarr'd, I have sung

with an unskilful, yet a willing will, hath shee: now lies shee  
to bring my Girl asleep. *Enter Appius*  
when we begun to be, *Begin our woes,*  
increasing still, as dying life still grows.

*App.* This tediousness doth much offend the Court.  
Silence: attend her Sentence.

*Virg.* Hold, without Sentence I'll resign her freely,  
since you will prove her to be none of mine.

*App.* See, see, how evidently Truth appears.  
Receive her *Clodius*.

*Virg.* Thus I surrender her into the Court  
of all the Gods. And see proud *Appius* see  
although not justly, I have made her free.

And if thy Lust with this Act be not fed,  
bury her in thy bowels, how shee's dead.

*Omnes.* O horrid act!

*App.* Lay hand upon the Murderer.

*Virg.* Oh for a ring of pikes to circle me.  
What? have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies  
here to be slain by hang-men? No. I fly  
to safety in the Camp.

*App.* Some pursue the villain,  
others take up the body. Madness and rage  
are still th' Attendants of old doting age.

*Enter two Soldiers.*

1 Is our Hut swept clean?

2 As I can make it.

1 'Tis betwixt us two;

but how many think't thou, bred of Roman blood,  
did lodg with us last night?

2 More I think then the Camp hath enemies,  
they are not to be numbred.

1 Comrague, I fear *Appius* will doom us to *Adriens* death;  
to be worried by the Cattel that we feed.

How goes the day?

2 My stomach has struck twelve.

1 Come see what provant our knapsack yeilds.

This is our store, our Garner.

2 A smal pittance.

1 Feeds *Appius* thus, is this a City feast?

This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing  
if I knew what to call it.

2 I can tell you : cheese struck in years.

1 I do not think but this same crust was bak'd  
and this cheese frighted out of milk and whey  
before we two were souldiers : though it be old  
I see 't can crawl : what living things be these  
that walk so freely 'tween the rind and pitch ?  
for here's no sap left.

2 They call them Gentles.

1 Therefore 'tis thought fit,  
that Souldiers by profession Gentlemen  
should thus be fed with Gentles. I am stomach sick.  
I must have some strong water.

2 Where will you hav't ?

1 In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass  
but he must stop his nose, thou know'st it well,  
there where the two dead dogs lye.

2 Yes I know't.

1 And see the Cat that lyes a distance off  
be fled for supper. Though we dine to day  
as Dutch men feed their souldiers, we will sup  
bravely like *Roman* Leaguers.

2 Sir, the General.

1 Wee'l give him place,  
but tell none of our dainties, lest we have  
too many guests to supper.

*Enter Minutius with his souldiers reading a Letter.*

*Minut.* Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be,

*Ether* *Virginus* is degenerate  
from the ancient vertues he was wont to boast,  
or in some strange displeasure with the Senate;  
Why should these letters else from *Appius*  
confine him a close prisoner to the Camp ?  
and which confirms his guilt, why should he fly ?  
needs then must *Lincus* some high displeasure  
for negligence to let him thus escape,  
which to excuse, and that it may appear  
I have no hand with him, but am of faction  
oppo'd in all things to the least misdeed,  
I will cast him, and his Tribuneship  
bestow upon some noble Gentleman  
belonging to the Camp. Souldiers and friends,  
you that beneath *Virginus* Colours march,  
by strict command from the *Decemvirs*,



we take you from the charge of him late fled,  
and his Authority, Command, and Honour  
we give this worthy Roman. Know his Colours,  
and prove his faithful Souldiers.

*Roman.* Warlike General,  
my courage and my forwardnesse in battel,  
shal plead how well I can deserve the title,  
to bee a Roman Tribune.

*Enter the first mutinous Souldier in haste.*

*Minut.* Now, the newest

*I. Sould.* *Virginus* in a strange shape of distraction,  
enters the Campe, and at his heels a legion  
of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,  
with breathlesse paces dog his frighted steps.  
It seemes half *Room's* unpeopled with a traine  
that either for some mischief done, pursue him,  
or to attend some uncouth novelty.

*Minut.* Some wonder our fear promises. Worthy souldiers,  
martial your selves, and entertaine this novel  
within a ring of Steele: Wall in this portent  
with men and harnesse, be it ne're so dreadful.  
Hee's entred by the clamour of the camp,  
that entertaines him with these echoing shows.  
Affection that in Souldiers hearts is bred,  
survives the wounded, and our lives the dead.

*Enter Virginus with his knife, that and his armes stript up to  
the elbows all bloody; coming into the midst of the souldiers,  
he makes a stand.*

*Virg.* Have I in all this populous Assembly  
of souldiers that have prov'd *Virginus* valour,  
one friend? Let him come thrill his partisan  
against this brest, that through a large wide wound,  
my mighty soule might rush out of this prison  
to flie more freely to yon christal pallsce,  
where honour sits iathronisd. What, no friend?  
Can this great multitude then yeild an enemy  
that hates my life? Here let him seise is freely.  
What, no man strike? am I so wel beloved?

*Minutius* then to thee. If in this camp  
there lives one man so just to punish sin,  
so charitable to redeem from torments  
a wretched souldier, at his worthy hand

H

I beg

begs a death.

*Minut.* What means *Virginia*?

*Virg.* Or if the General's heart be so obdurate to an old begging souldier, Have I here no honest Legionary of mine own Troop at whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat I may command a death?

1. *Sould.* Alas good Captain.

*Minut.* *Virginia*, you have no command at all, your Companies are elsewhere now bestowed. Besides, we have a Charge to try you here, and make you the Camps prisoner.

*Virg.* General, thanks.

For thou hast done as much with one harsh word as I beg'd from their weapons. Thou hast kill'd me but with a living death.

*Minut.* Besides, I charge you to speak what means this ugly face of blood, you put on your distractions? What's the reason all *Rome* pursues you, covering these high hills as if they dog'd you for some damned act? What have you done?

*Virg.* I have plaid the Particide, kill'd mine own child,

*Minut.* *Virginia*?

*Virg.* Yes, even she.

These rude hands ript her, and her innocent blood flow'd above my elbows.

*Minut.* Kill'd her willingly?

*Virg.* Willingly, with advice, premeditation, and settled purpose; and see still I wear her crimson colours, and these withered arms are dy'd in her heart blood.

*Minut.* Most wretched villain?

*Virg.* But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you one speaking Organ to discourse her death; It is too harsh an imposition to lay upon a father. O my *Virginia*!

*Minut.* How agrees this? love her, and murder her?

*Virg.* Yes, Give me but a little leave to drayn a few red tears, (for souldiers should weep blood) and I'll agree them well. Attend me all. Alas, might I have kept her chaste and free, this life so oft engag'd for ingrateful *Rome*,

lay in her bosom. But when I saw her pull'd  
by *Appius* Lictors to be claim'd a slave,  
and drag'd unto a publick Sessions house,  
divorc'd from her fore Sponsals with *Julius*,  
a noble youth, and made a bond-woman,  
inforc'd by violence from her fathers armes  
to be a Prostitute and Permour  
to the rude twinings of a lecherous Judge;  
Then, then, O loving Souldiers, (I'll not deny it)  
for 'twas mine honor, my paternal pity,  
and the sole act, for which I love my life.  
Then lustful *Appius*, he that sways the Land,  
slew poor *Virginia* by this fathers hand.

1 *Sould.* O villain *Appius*.

2 *Sold.* O noble *Virginus*.

*Virg.* To you I appeal, you are my Sentencers:  
Did *Appius* right, or poor *Virginus* wrong?  
Sentence my Fact with a free general tongue.

1 *Sold.* *Appius* is the Patricide.

2 *Sold.* *Virginus* guiltless of his daughters death.

*Munn.* If this be true, *Virginus* as the moan  
of all the Roman fry that followes you  
confirms at large, this cause is to be pityed,  
and should not dy revengelesse.

*Virg.* Noble *Munnus*,

Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,  
so most of you have Souldiers. Why might not this  
have hapned you? Which of you all, deer freinds,  
but now, even now, may have your wives deflowred,  
your daughters slav'd, and made a Lictors prey?  
Think them not safe in *Rome*, for mine lived there.

*Roman.* It is a common cause.

1 *Sold.* *Appius* shall dy for't.

2 *Sold.* Let's make *Virginus* General,

*Omnes.* A General, a General, lets make *Virginus* General.

*Munn.* It shall be so. *Virginus* take my Charge,  
the wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty  
that none but he that lost so faire a child,  
knowes how to punish. By the Gods of *Rome*,

*Virginus* shall succeed my full command.

*Virg.* What's honor unto me, a weak old man,  
weary of life, and covetous of a grave?  
I am a dead man now *Virginia* lives not,  
the self same hand that dar'd to save from shame

a child, dares in the father act the same.  
 1. *Sold.* Stay noble General. *Minut.* You much forget revenge, *Virg.* Who, if you dye, will take your cause in hand, and proscribe *Appius*, should you perish thus? *Virg.* Thou oughtest *Minutius*, Soldier, so ought you. I'm our of fear, my noble wife's expir'd, My daughter (of blest memory) the object of *Appius* lust, lives 'mongst the Elysiac Vestals, my house yeilds none fit for his Lictors spoil. You that have wives lodg'd in your prison *Rome*, have Lands unrifed, houses yet unseifd, your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted, prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.

1. *Sold.* We will by you our noble General.

2. *Sold.* He that was destin'd to preserve great *Rome*.

*Virg.* I accept your choice, in hope to guard you all from my inhumane sufferings. Be't my pride that I have bred a daughter whose chaste blood was spilt for you, and for *Rome's* lasting good.

*Explicit Actus Quartus.*

## Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

*Enter Opus, a Senator, and the Advocate.*

*Opus.* **I**S *Appius* then committed?

*Senator.* So 'tis rumord.

*Opus.* How will you bear you in this turbulent state?

You are a Member of that wretched Faction.

I wonder how you scape imprisonment.

*Advocate.* Let me alone, I have learnt with the wise Hedghog, to stop my cave that way the tempest drives.

Never did Bear-whelp tumbling down a hill

with more art shrink his head betwixt his claws

then I will work my safety. *Appius*

is in the sand already up to th' chin,

and shal I hazard landing on that shelf?

Hee's a wise friend that first befriends himself.

*Opus.* What is your course of safety?

*Advoc.* Marry this.

*Virg.*

Virginia with his Troops is coming to meet me, and it is like that in the market place, my L. Iulius and himself shall meet.

Now to encounter these, two such great Armies,  
where lies my Court of Guard?

*Senat.* Why, in your heels.  
There are strange dogs uncoupled.

*Adv.* You are deceiv'd,  
I have studied a most eloquent Oration,  
that shall applaud their fortune, and distaste  
the cruelty of *Appius*.

*Senat.* Very good Sir,  
It seems then you will rail upon your Lord,  
your late good Benefactor.

*Adv.* By the way Sir,  
*Senat.* Protest Virginia was no bond-woman;  
and read her noble Pedigree.

*Adv.* By the way Sir.

*Opus.* Could you not by the way too find occasion  
to beg Lord *Appius* Lands?

*Adv.* And by the way,  
perchance I will. For I will gull them all  
most palpably.

*Opus.* Indeed you have the Art  
of flattery.

*Adv.* Of Rhetorick you would say.

And I'll begin my smooth Oration thus,  
Most learned Captains,

*Senat.* Fie, fie, that's horrible; most of your Captains  
are utterly unlearned.

*Adv.* Yet I assure you,  
most of them know Arithmetick so well,  
that in a Muster to preserve dead payes,  
they make twelve stand for twenty.

*Opus.* Very good.

*Adv.* Then I proceed,

I do applaud your fortunes, and commend  
in this your observation, noble shake-rags.  
The Helms shall no more harbour the spider;  
but it shall serve to carry Sack and Sider.  
The rest within I'll study

*Opus.* Farewell *Proteus*, show  
and I shall with thy eloquent bravado  
may shield thee from the whip and Bastinado.

Now



now in this furious tempest, I am glad  
with foulded sails at pleasure of the Tyde.

*Enter Icilius, Horatio, Valerius, Numitorius (at one door with  
Souldiers; Virginians, Minutius, and  
others at the other door.*

*Icil. Stand.*

*Virg. Make a stand on this shore, and I will fight with you.*

*Icil. A parly with Virginus.*

*Minut. We will not trust our General 'twixt the Enemies,  
but upon terms of hostages.*  
*Numit. Well advised!*

*Nor we our General: who for the leaguer?*

*Minut. Our selfe.*

*Virg. Who for the City?*

*Icil. Numitorius.*

*Numit. How is it with your sorrow noble brother?*

*Virg. I am forsaken of the gods, old man.*

*Numit. Preach not that wretched doctrine to your selfe.*

*It will beget despair.*

*Virg. What do you call*

*a burning Feaver? Is not that a dire?*

*It shakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a, wilt a*

*give me some Wine?*

*Numit. O it is hurtful for you.*

*Virg. Why so? are all things that the appetite*

*of man doth cover in his perfect health,*

*what ever Art or Nature have invented,*

*to make the boundlesse wish of man contented,*

*Are all his poison? Give me the Wine there. — When?*

*Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, Say.*

*Now by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me*

*to pay my debts, and for the rest, no matter*

*who scrambles for't.*

*Numit. Here, my noble brother.*

*Alas, your hand shakes.*

*Virg. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome thou; just passe;*

*'twere pity this should doe me longer service;*

*now it hath slain my daughter. So I thank you;*

*now I have lost all comforts in the world,*

*it seems I must a little longer live,*

*but to serve my belly.*

*Minst.* O my Lord, this violent Feaver took him late last night, since when, the cruelty of the disease, hath drawn him into sundry passions beyond his wonted temper.

*Isil.* 'Tis the gods have powred their Justice on him.

*Virg.* You are sadly met my Lord.

*Isil.* Would we had met in a cold grave together two months since, I should not then have curs'd you.

*Virg.* Ha! What's that?

*Isil.* Old man, thou hast shew'd thy self a noble Roman, but an unnatural Father; thou hast turned my Bridal to a Funeral. What devil did arme thy fury with the Lions paw, the Dragons taile, with the Bulls double borne, the Cormorants beak, the Cockatrice eyes, the Scorpions teeth? and all these by a Father to be employed upon his innocent child?

*Virg.* Young man, I love thy true description; I am happy now, that one beside my self doth teach me for this. Yet were I pleas'd, I cou'd approve the deed most Just and noble; and sure posterity, which truly renders to each man his desert, shal praise me for't.

*Isil.* Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.

*Virg.* You need not interrupt me. Here's a fury wil doe it for you! You are a Roman Knight. What was your oath when you receiv'd your Knighthood?

a parcel of it is, as I remember, rather to die with honour, than to live in servitude. Had my poor girl been ravish'd, in her dishonour, and in my sad griefe, your love and pity quickly had ta'ne end.

Great mens misfortunes thus have ever stood, they touch none neerly, but their neere'st blood.

What do you meane to do? It seems, my Lord, now you have caught the sword within your hand, like a mad man you'll draw it to offend

those that best love you; and perhaps the counsel of some loose unthrif, and vile male content

hearten you to't: goe to, take your course, my faction shal not give the least advantage.

to murderers, to banquerouts, or thieves, b7D J 7m O . 1881 R

*Idid.* Do you term us so?

**Icil.** Do you term us so?

Shall I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?  
He that would tame a Lion, doth not use  
the goad or wierd whip, but a sweet voice,  
a fearful stroking, and with food in hand  
must ply his wanton hunger.

Virg: Want of sleep will do it better then all these, my Lord.  
I would not have you wake for others sins, w<sup>ch</sup> redouble every blos & ni  
left you turn mad with watching. now thus said he: then blinde I

*Icil.* O you gods !

You are now a General; learn to know your place,  
and use your noble calling modestly.  
Better had *Appius* been an upright Judge,  
and yet an evil man, then honest man,  
and yet a dissolute Judge, for all disgrace  
lights less on the person, than the place.  
You are i'th' City now, where if you raise  
but the least uproar, even your Fathers house  
shal not be free from rancour. *Divons* fears  
that chance in Towns of stone are not so feared  
as those that light in Flitz-shops; for there's food  
for eminent ruin.

*Minstr.* O my noble Lord, learn not to dwell  
Let not your passion bring a fatal end  
to such a good beginning. *All the world*  
that honour that died in him, which just  
grew to a reconciliation.

*Isil.* Come my Lord, I love your friendship; yes in sooth I do, but wil not seale it with that bloody hand. Joine we our armies. No pharisee's copy or borrowed President wil I assume in my revenge. There's hope yet you may live to outwear this sorrow.

*Verg.* O Impossible, could flowers and birds  
A minutes joy to me, would quite suffice nature;  
as those that long have dwelt in poisonous rooms  
sworn presently if they but scent perfumes.

1eill. to th' Senate. Come, no more of this tale,  
for such a tel-tale may we term our grief,  
and doth as 'twere to listen to her own words,  
Envious of others sleep, because shee wakes.

I ever would converse with a griev'd person  
in a longe journey to beguile the day,  
or winter evening to passe time away.  
March on, and let proud *Appius* in our view  
like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew.

*Enter Appius, and Marcus Clodius in  
prison, fettered and gyoed.*

*App.* The world is chang'd now. All damnations  
seize on the Hydra headed multitude,  
that only gape for innovation.  
O who would trust a people?

*Clod.* Nay, who would not,  
rather then one rear'd on a popular suffrage,  
whose station's built on Avees and Applause?  
There's no firm structure on these airy Bases.  
O fie upon such Greatness.

*App.* The same hands  
that yesterday to hear me conscionate.  
and Oratorize, rung shril Plaudits forth  
in sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn  
hurry me to this place of darkness.

*Clod.* Could not their poisons rather spend themselves,  
on th' Judges folly, but must it needs stretch  
to me his servant, and sweep me along?  
Curse on the inconstant rabble.

*App.* Grieves it thee  
to impart my sad disaster?

*Clod.* Marry doth it.

*App.* Thou shared'st a fortune with me in my Greatness,  
I hal'd thee after when I climb my State,  
and shrink'st thou at my ruine?

*Clod.* I loved your Greatness,  
and would have trac'd you in the golden path  
of sweet promotion; but this your decline  
sours all these hoped sweets.

*App.* 'Tis the world right.  
Such gratitude a great man still shall have  
that trusts unto a temporizing slave.

*Clod.* Slave? Good. Which of us two in our dejection  
is basest? I am most sure  
your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine,  
your conscience for a thousand sentences  
wrongly denounc'd, much more oppress then mine.

I

Then

then which is the most base

*App.* O double baseness,

to hear a drudge thus with his Lord compare!

Great men disgrac'd, slaves to their servants are.

*Enter Virginius, Icilius, Minutius, Numitorius,*

*Horatio, Valerius, Opimius with souldiers.*

*Virg.* Souldiers keep a strong guard whilst we survey  
our sentenc'd prisoners. And from this deep dungeon  
keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands  
would ruine this stone building and drag hence  
this impious Judge peice-meal, to tear his limbs  
before the Law convince him.

*Icil.* See these Monst'rs,  
whose fronts the fair *Virginius* innocent blood  
hath visarded with such black ugliness,  
that they are loathsome to all good mens souls.  
Speak damn'd Judge, how canst thou purge thy self  
from Lust and blood?

*App.* I do confess my self  
guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans.  
*Virginius*, thou dost but supply my place,  
I thinke. Fortune hath lift thee to my Chair,  
and thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar.  
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee;  
shunning my rigor, likewise shun my fall.  
And being mild where I shewed cruelty,  
establish still thy greatness. Make some use  
of this my bondage. With indifference  
survey me, and compare my yesterday  
with this sad hour, my height with my decline,  
and give them equal balance.

*Virg.* Uncertain fate, but yesterday his breath  
aw'd Rome, and his least torved frown was death:  
I cannot chuse but pity and lament,  
So high a rise should have such low descent.

*Icil.* He's ready to forget his injury;  
(Oh too relenting age!) Thinks not *Virginius*,  
if he should pardon *Appius* this black deed,  
and set him once more in the Ivory Chair,  
he would be wary to avoid the like,  
become a new man, a more upright Judge,  
and deserve better of the Common Weal?

*Virg.* 'Tis like he would.

*Icil.*



*A Tragedy*

*Scil.* Nay, if you thus begin, I'll fetch that shall anatomize his sin. *Exit.*

*Numis.* *Virginus*, you are too remiss to punish deeds of this nature. You must fashion now your actions to your place, not to your passion, severity to such acts is as necessary as pity to the tears of innocence.

*Minus.* He speaks but Law and Justice. Make good the streets, with your best men at arms: *Valerius* and *Horatio* know the reason of this loud uproar, and confused noise. Although my heart be melting at the fall of men in place and Office, we'll be just to punish murderous Acts, and censure Lust.

*Enter Valerius and Horatio.*

*Valer.* *Scilinus*, worthy Lord, bears through the street the body of *Virginia* towards this prison; which when it was discovered to the people, mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cries pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrowing eyes.

*Horat.* Here comes *Scilinus*.

*Enter Scilinus with the body of Virginia.*

*Scil.* Where was thy pity when thou stearest this maid, thou wouldst extend to *Appius*? Pity? See her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence of yon stern Murderer, till she find revenge; nor will these drops stench, or these springs be dry till theirs be set a bleeding. Shall her soul (whose essence some suppose lives in the blood) still labour without rest? Will old *Virginus* murder her once again in this delay?

*Virg.* Pause there *Scilinus*.

This sight hath stiffen'd all my operant powers, it'd all my blood, benum'd my motion quite. I'll powre my soul into my daughters belly, and with a soldiers rears imbalm her wounds. My only dear *Virginial*

*App.* Leave this passion, proceed to your just sentence.

*Virg.* We will. Give me two swords. *Appius* grasp this, You *Clodius* that. You shall be your own hang-men, do Justice on your selves. You made *Virginus* steepe his own blood lodg'd in his daughters brest, which your own hands shall act upon your selves.

If you be Romans, and retain their spirits,  
redeem a base life with a noble death,  
and through your lust-burnt veins confine your breath.

*App. Virginus* is a noble Justicer,  
had I my crooked paths sevell'd by thine,  
I had not sway'd the ballance. Think not Lords,  
but he that had the spirit to oppose the Gods,  
dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict.  
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor strage,  
their common vengeance, poison in my cup,  
nor dagger in my bosom, the revenge  
of private men for private injuries;  
nay more then these, not fear'd to commit evil,  
and shall I tremble at the punishment?  
Now with as much resolved constancy,  
as I offended, will I pay the mulct,  
and this black stain laid on my family,  
then which a nobler hath not place in *Rome*,  
Wash with my blood away. Learn of me *Clodius*,  
I'll teach thee what thou never studi'st yet,  
that bravely how to dy. Judges are term'd  
the Gods on earth; and such as are corrupt  
read me in this my ruine. Those that succeed me  
that so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,  
*Appius* that sin'd, by *Appius* hand shall fall.

*Kills himself*

*Virg.* He dyed as boldly as he basely err'd,  
and so should every true bred Roman do.  
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,  
in his death forceth pity. *Clodius* thou  
wast follower of his fortunes in his being,  
therefore in his not being imitate  
his fair example.

*Clod.* Death is terrible  
unto a conscience that's oppress'd with guilt.  
They say there is *Elizium* and *Hel*,  
the first I have forfeited, the latter fear.  
My skin is not sword proof.

*Scil.* Why dost thou pause?

*Clod.* For mercy, mercy I intreat you all.  
Is't not sufficient for *Virginia* slain  
that *Appius* suffered; one of noble blood,  
and eminence in place, for a *Plebian*?  
Besides, he was my Lord and might command me:  
If I did ought, 'twas by compulsion, Lords,

and

and therefore I crave mercy.

*Isil.* Shall I doom him?

*Virg.* Do, good *Isilins*.

*Isil.* Then I sentence thus:

Thou hadst a mercy, most unmerricing slave,  
of which thy base birth was not capable,  
which we take off by taking thence thy sword.  
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain,  
and one bred from the rabble: both alike  
dar'd to transgresse, but see their odds in death:

*Appius* dy'd like a Roman Gentleman,  
and a man both wayes knowing; but this slave  
is only sensible of vicious living,  
not apprehensive of a noble death.

Therefore as a base Malefactor (we)  
and timerous slave, give him (as he deserves)  
unto the common Hangman.

*Clod.* What, no mercy?

*Isil.* Stop's mouth,  
away with him: the life of the *Decemviri*  
expires in them. *Rome* thou at length art free,  
restored unto thine ancient liberty.

*Minut.* Of Consuls: which bold *Junius Brutus* first  
began in *Tarquins* fall. *Virginus* you  
and young *Isilins* shall his place succeed,  
so by the peoples suffrage 'tis decreed.

*Virg.* We martial then our souldiers in that name  
of Consuls, honoured with these golden bayes.

Two fair, but Ladies most infortunate,  
have in their ruins rais'd declining *Rome*,  
*Lucretia* and *Virginia*, both renown'd  
for chastity. Souldiers and noble Romans  
to grace her death, whose life hath freed great *Rome*,  
march with her Course to her sad Funeral Tomb.

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

much with her Countess her lady Lancelotti.  
to grace her death, whole life had lived great Rome.  
for Christian. Countess and noble Romans  
have in their countess's dwelling Rome.  
Two Latin, or Ladies most infamous,  
of Countess's countess with their golden paye  
to go. We wanted then our countess in the name  
to be the people's language, as directed.  
and young Ladies shall his place succeed,  
begin in the countess's hall. Virginia you  
of Countess's which bold found Countess's list  
restored unto the ancient liberty.  
experts in them. Rome then strength and feet,  
away with him the lord of the Countess's

Countess's countess  
Countess's countess

and sometimes give him (as he deserves)  
The countess's countess (we)

in the countess's of a noble death  
is only countess's of vicious living

and a man both ways knowing; but this have  
appear'd like a Roman Countess's

but to the countess's, but then odd in death  
and one had from the countess's like

and not the difference, with a noble living  
which were of by taking countess's word

of which the countess's was not capable  
I don't have a countess's in off countess's have

Countess's countess  
Countess's countess

and therefore I crave mercy  
Countess's countess

